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A Policy for Persia

THE ugly riots at Abadan, and the unmistakable signs that the Moscow-orientated Tudeh Party is once again active in Persia, have provoked the expected demand for "firm measures to halt the march of Communism"; and indignant Tory backbenchers are asking the Foreign Secretary what the Navy is doing about it.

Mr. Morrison is wisely reluctant to resort to such Palmerstonian methods. Truculent readiness to "show the flag" would merely inflame the feelings which provoked the riots. Moreover, although the Soviet Union will not hesitate to take full advantage of any mistakes that we make, the Persian determination to nationalise Anglo-Iranian is not Moscow-inspired but springs from emotions which every Persian with any sense of patriotism shares. Unless we appreciate that these emotions are genuine and profound, we shall merely precipitate the sort of wild-cat confiscation which took place before the war in the Mexican oilfields—to the benefit of no one, not even the Mexicans.

The fact is that no people can for ever tolerate that its national resources should be exploited by one single foreign company, operating almost as a State within a State. It is no use to reply that Anglo-Iranian has enormously raised the standard of living of its Persian employees and is ready to concede higher royalties to Persia. Indeed, by raising the living standards and literacy of its workers, while the rest of the country remains poverty-stricken, Anglo-Iranian is merely stimulating the nationalist demand for its own expropriation.

The British Government, therefore, is faced by a highly dangerous situation. The Majlis, responding to an almost unanimous public opinion, has voted for outright nationalisation. Mr. Morrison might be inclined to accept this in principle on condition that he can safeguard the development of the oilfield and the continuance of sales to this country. But would this solve the real problem? The grievances of the Persians, as their Ambassador in London made clear in an excellent statement, are twofold. First, Anglo-Iranian is a wholly British concern; the Persian Government can exert no control over it and not a single Persian sits on its Board. Secondly, exploitation of Persian oil brings virtually no benefit to the Persian people. True enough, this is largely due to the corruption and lack of social conscience among the Persian landowners who control the Majlis. The vast sums received in royalties have been used neither to provide social services nor for the development of Persian industry.

But this is only part of the story. A highly developed country, content merely to pay cash to a backward country for its one natural resource, is helping to create inflation and social crisis. What Persia needs in return for its oil is not money but a regular flow of capital and consumer goods. If we argue that the claims of the home market, rearmament and Commonwealth development make it impossible for us to give exports to Persia a high priority, we cannot be surprised if the Persians begin talking about outright nationalisation. The most refined way of exploiting a Colonial people is to pay a cheque for its products and then to cash the cheque in indiscriminate luxuries for the rich.

We believe that Mr. Morrison should concentrate on these two problems. When he has studied the Majlis' proposals he should at once be prepared to concede Persian representation on the Board of Anglo-Iranian on condition that the Teheran Government, at first on a modest scale, acquires some of its share capital. Simultaneously, he should be ready to negotiate a trade agreement which assures to Persia a continuous supply of the goods she needs in order to carry out her new economic plan. In the inflamed state of Persian opinion, however, such proposals will only be acceptable on one condition, that all future negotiations are taken out of the hands of the Anglo-Iranian Company. The British Government, which anyway holds half the Company's voting shares, must speak direct to the Persian Government. What is needed indeed is a Ministerial Mission to Persia with something of the status and importance of the Cripps Mission to India. In the Middle East *what* you do is almost less important than *how* you do it.

Oil Pressure

The Anglo-American oil talks in Washington have evoked a vigorous protest from the Persian Ambassador in London. One urgent reason for them was revealed in the *Herald Tribune* last week. The indiscretions of Mr. Thornberg, the $72,000 a year oil adviser to the Persian Government, and former Chairman of the Board of Engineers of Standard Oil of California, suggest that part, at least, of the anti-British ferment in Persia is due to the influence of the American oil interests. Standard Oil has recently conceded to Saudi Arabia a 50 per cent royalty. The Persian Government may well believe that similar generosity can be expected if Standard Oil replaces

Anglo-Iranian. We further understand that Mr. McGee, the State Department Under-Secretary in charge of the Middle East, did not trouble to conceal his critical attitude to Anglo-Iranian during his recent visit to Persia. But Mr. Thornberg went too far and, under the instructions of the State Department, left Persia after a final blast at British stupidity. Mr. Morrison was bound to take steps in Washington to prevent such incidents in the future. But he might be well advised to limit the present talks to this rivalry. A united front of the Western Powers, in order to "pressure" Teheran, might well produce the opposite result from that intended.

McArthur Returns

The friends of General MacArthur are making as much capital as they can from his return to the United States. The civic welcomes and the triumphant progress of the victor against Japan are being turned to account by those who seek to make a martyr of this dismissed general. There are no signs that his supporters in Congress and the press will be deterred by the General's expressed hope that "my name will never be used in a political way." On the contrary, whatever MacArthur may now say, his very presence in the U.S. is enough to spur on Mr. Truman's opponents.

The lines of attack are by now familiar. First, it is charged, the President has weakly yielded to British and other pressure to appease the Chinese Communists. Secondly, by opposing the use of Chiang's troops and the bombing of Manchuria, Mr. Truman is imposing intolerable handicaps upon the U.S. troops in Korea, and may be opening the way for a new Chinese offensive. And, lastly, this decision will encourage China to fight on against a confused and divided United Nations.

Such charges are being accompanied by even wilder accusations against the President, by pro-MacArthur parades, and by the burning of Mr. Truman in effigy. By dismissing MacArthur, the President has brought to a head the domestic conflict over American policy. MacArthur at home, even more than MacArthur in Tokio, has become the rallying point of the President's opponents. Last week, when the Senate voted to send four more divisions to Europe, it seemed that the Administration had won the "great debate." But now an even more bitter struggle looms between those who are prepared, perhaps, to write off Europe in order to wage war against Communism in Asia, and those who, like the President, wish to strengthen Europe by limiting the war in the East. This even "greater debate" between MacArthur and Truman may be one of the fiercest in American history.

The President's Case

Mr. Truman dismissed MacArthur just at the moment when he was about to extend the war to the Chinese mainland. In his most revealing Jackson Day speech, the President defended his decision. MacArthur, it seems had told him at Wake Island that the Chinese would not intervene in Korea. When, in spite of this blunder, the General assured him that there would be no Soviet reaction if the war were carried to the Chinese mainland, the President rightly refused to fall for this gambit a second time. And since Mr. Truman went out of his way to stress the risk in bombing Manchuria, it seems that he has jettisoned both MacArthur and the order—announced last week by Dean Rusk of the State Department—to attack Manchuria if large numbers of Communist aircraft should make their appearance.

In this speech, the President came out of his corner to take the fight to his critics. With the vigour that marks his anger, he lashed the Republican "confusers" who "urge us to wage an aggressive war against China," who are sure Russia will not fight "if we carry the war to China" but believe a Soviet invasion will be the answer to reinforcing Europe; and who are worried about Russian manpower but "not interested in keeping allies who can help us." Every point in his long catalogue of double-talk hit a target. But in talking logic and common sense, the President may not be making much headway against the barrage of propaganda and prejudice now aimed at him. This speech was important because it confirms the analysis made in these columns and elsewhere: that there is a war party in the U.S., for whom MacArthur has acted as spokesman; that it has been lobbying hard for an all-out Pacific War; and that the President has had to fight hard to keep control of the situation. The whole story is not yet known. But Mr. Truman may have to tell more of it if he is to answer MacArthur effectively and, what is most vital, to avert the full-scale conflict which is still possible.

A Snag in Old Age Pensions

The Chancellor's proposal to increase the rate of retiring pensions, but to limit the improvement to those over 70, has come up against an unexpected obstacle. At present, some 670,000 old people receive supplementation of their pensions from the National Assistance Board. Unless, therefore, the increase of 4s. and 8s. in the basic rates for single and married persons is accompanied by an identical and simultaneous increase in National Assistance payments, the vast majority of the neediest pensioners will be cheated of the improvement promised in the Budget. Their increase will turn out to be nothing but a book-keeping transaction between the Ministry of National Insurance and the National Assistance Board, since the 4s. will be automatically deducted from the supplementation. On the other hand, if National Assistance scales *are* raised, pensioners between 65 and 70 cannot be excluded, provided they can show that their net income falls below the minimum subsistence level laid down in the Board's regulations. The widow, the sick and the unemployed who receive supplementation of the basic social security rates would also benefit.

The Government, therefore, is faced with two alternatives. If National Assistance scales are not raised, the improved rate of pensions will not assist those over 70 who need it most. If, on the other hand, the increase is granted, then it cannot be limited to those over 70. There can be no doubt which alternative the Government should choose. Mr. Gaitskell should encourage Mr. Buchanan and his colleagues and the National Assistance Board to demand the full increase, even if it costs, as it probably will, approximately £20 millions a year.

The Charge for Dentures and Spectacles

The Government has lost no time in drafting the Bill to implement the Chancellor's proposal to impose a 50 per cent. charge for dentures and spectacles under the Health Service. The cost to the patient of false teeth will vary from £2 to £4 5s., and for spectacles from 23s. 4d. to 35s. Lenses are averaged out at 10s. A little blatantly, the pill for Mr. Bevan is sweetened by a clause legalising an annual expenditure of £200,000 for the treatment of T.B. outside Great Britain. With the Tories giving their support to a Bill which cuts Government expenditure by £25 million, the Second Reading should go through next week without a division. But the Bill will certainly receive some very rough treatment in Committee. Many Socialists who supported the idea of a small payment as a check on extravagance, jib at the 50 per cent. and will want to reduce it. There will be Tories who will ask why bad teeth and bad eyes are penalised, while the recipient of a Health Service wig gets off scot free. Clause II, too, will come under fire. This permits the National Assistance Board, which was previously limited to supplementing the incomes of the aged, the unemployed, and the sick, to assist those at work in meeting the new charge provided they can prove poverty. One grave consequence, indeed, of a charge, however skilfully administered, is that it involves the transference of a whole section of the Health Service to the National Assistance Board; and so creates a division between those who obtain their dentures and spectacles by payment and those who get them free but after a Means Test.

The Betting Report

The unexpected unanimity of the report of the Royal Commission on Betting, which may be said to have kept skilfully to the middle of the road between morality and expediency, will fortify the disputants on both sides in the controversy that will now break out. The proposal to register all bookmakers, on or off the course, may get rid of many undesirables and will at least bring the others into the open; but the revival of licensed betting shops after a century of disapproval, though obviously a realist suggestion, is the most controversial feature in a lengthy report, with some of whose sociological implications we hope to deal more fully next week. The Commissioners propose no alteration in the law of 1934 about Lotteries and Newspaper Competitions, which on the whole has worked well. But they suggest the legalisation of gaming where the entrance money goes to "causes other than private gain" and the prize is not more than £20, thus making the village whist-drive respectable at last. Betting in pubs gets no reprieve, and slot machines that automatically deliver the prize, which have long been held by the courts to be "unlawful gaming," are to be declared so by statute. But, fun fairs may be licensed by local authorities for gaming with stakes of one shilling and prizes of five shillings. The top prize in a football pool should be £20,000. In short, the recommendations seem to proceed logically from the premise that gambling cannot be suppressed by law, and that State interference should be limited to the prevention of exploitation and disorder.

De Gaulle at Rheims

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Agitated 'phone calls were put through to newspaper offices in Paris on Sunday evening, after de Gaulle's first great election speech at Rheims: "Play him down, for heaven's sake, play him down!" On Monday morning the Paris press made amusing reading. For days there had been references in the press to the coming speech, but now, in the *Figaro*, one had to get to page 9 before one saw a report of de Gaulle's oration, alongside cooking recipes and a *guide touristique*, and even there the offending passage was missing! The *Aurore*, though normally pro-Gaullist, had nothing on page 1, and only a very thin report on page 3. The Socialist *Populaire* gave no idea at all of what the General had really said; *Franc-Tireur* gave the whole speech ten lines, without any reference at all to the "brick," and the Communist *l'Humanité* alone seemed rather excited about it, saying that it was a very skilful piece of "demagogy." One had either to wait for the *Monde* in the afternoon, or else look up the *Herald-Tribune* to see what the General said:

> Our authorities, with their inferiority complex, rely on the Americans; they hand over to them bases and communications, notably in Morocco; they place our forces under the orders of their chiefs without any guarantee that France will be defended with the necessary means and in good time, and without our generals having any role in the common strategy except that of executants, even when it is a question of the Rhine, of Paris, of the Loire or North Africa. Thus . . . we risk being invaded by our adversaries and dominated by our allies.

Demagogy, as the Communists say? Maybe. But even if it is demagogy, it has been prompted by de Gaulle's clear understanding of an important fact—that the bulk of French opinion is extremely disturbed at the thought of France being treated as an "expendable" terrain in America's world strategy.

De Gaulle also referred to "the risk of Russian interference in Europe resulting from our indispensable solidarity with the United States," another phrase, incidentally, for which one would look in vain in most of the French press. This phrase, it will be observed, brings the Gaullist argument remarkably close to the "neutralist" criticisms of the Atlantic Pact in its present form. De Gaulle did not condemn the Atlantic Pact openly; he said, however, in no uncertain terms, that France must largely rely on her own strength to defend herself, and must—if there was to be an alliance with America—have a much bigger say in the actual defence of Western Europe.

The passages just quoted were among those most loudly cheered by the large audience gathered outside Rheims Cathedral to hear de Gaulle. As regards the election proper, de Gaulle was rather more conciliatory than usual; he implied that there were some good men among the present rulers of France, with whom he might be willing to co-operate; and though he stressed that he would not ally himself with anyone who would "compromise" the R.P.F., he did not, by implication, deny the possibility of forming electoral alliances with some people not entirely out of sympathy with his ideas. Oddly enough, as a piece of electoral tactics, no doubt, he even refrained from the usual invective against the Communists, and almost suggested that they at least had a constructive policy: they would "cut through many problems, at the same time as they would cut off many heads." All this suggests that de Gaulle would not mind seeing a fairly large number of Communists returned to the Assembly, for this would help him to dominate the "Third Force" parties.

Another highly interesting passage in de Gaulle's speech was the glowing tribute he paid to MacArthur. It confirms the widespread view that de Gaulle is, if not exactly backing the Republicans in America, at least taking out an insurance for the day of their victory. Europe must have priority over the Far East, de Gaulle said; but his military policy of "Frenchmen running France's defence" may, in his view, have a better chance of succeeding under a modified Taft strategy than under the present Truman policy of half-measures. Whether these views are dictated by a well-conceived military conception or prompted by injured vanity, caused by Eisenhower's total disregard of him, it is hard to say.

PARLIAMENT: Protagonists Off-stage

Wednesday.

Five men have dominated the House of Commons this week, though four of them were absent from its deliberations—one of them forever. To have seen Ernest Bevin during the past few months was to know that he was a dying man. Characteristically, his last contribution in the House, just after his resignation from the Foreign Office, was a half-quizzical defence, in an interruption of Crookshank, of Billingsgate porters and their language. His voice then was hardly strong enough to carry across the floor of the House. Except for the *Hansard* reporters, who somehow manage to hear everything, almost nobody caught what he had said. It is so often true that the harness that weighs down a man also holds him up.

The tributes that were paid to him in Parliament by Herbert Morrison, Clement Davies and Anthony Eden (in Churchill's absence) rightly stressed Bevin's personal qualities—the strength and loyalty and courage in him that held the respect even of those who differed greatly from him in his policies. Inevitably, the question arose, what difference this death would make to the Government. His influence has been so powerful in so many fields that his policies are bound to live on after him. And the Commons is deeply divided about them.

Tory opposition is a Pomeranian snapping at the Government's heels about ounces of cheese and meat and farthing profits on school meals. For the rest, the Tories seem content "to take their ease, and sleep an act or two," until, as they hope, the curtain falls on the tragedy (or comedy) of a house dividing against itself. That Nye Bevan has not spoken in present circumstances is for them a sad bathos. By the rules of the play, he should (like Samson, not Danny Kaye) have brought the House down. Instead the drama moved back into the wings. From off-stage, in St. Mary's Hospital, the Prime Minister has so far effectively delayed the dénouement, while the spotlight veers between Gaitskell and Bevan.

Gaitskell holds the centre of the stage. Opinion was agreed after the Budget speech was spoken that the Crippsian part had fallen to as able, and kindlier-seeming an understudy. The backcloth was still that of orthodox austerity, but softened by a cosier personality. The presentation was more popular, less harsh than the earlier scenes and well presented. Sir Stafford would undoubtedly be pleased with a new Wykehamist success, that so clearly bore across it the impress of his own direction.

With the passing week, however, opinion has been having second thoughts. Labour Members have expressed concern about Old Age pensions and the cost of rearmament, about the limitation of social service costs, and especially dentures and spectacles. It is known that Bevan has not withdrawn his opposition with his resignation, and that the restlessness of back benchers about pensions and assistance scales is growing. The Bills for implementing the Budget changes have still to be voted, and the question what Nye Bevan will do and how many others he will carry with him, if they are brought to a division, remain unanswered.

TOM WILLIAMS

MacArthur's Legacy in Japan

MANY things are left unclear by the manner and the moment of President Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur. The most important is the resultant position of Mr. John Foster Dulles and the Dulles policy of concluding with Japan a separate and anti-Chinese peace. If the sacking of the General is intended merely to make it easier for the U.S. Government to persuade Britain and other Pacific Powers to swallow this Dulles policy for Japan, then the removal of MacArthur brings the world little nearer to a peaceful settlement in the Far East. Will President Truman, having gone far to re-establish his reputation as a statesman by getting rid of MacArthur, now make fast that reputation by repudiating the Dulles policy? His Wednesday speech did not suggest a change. As for his officials, somebody in the State Department last week "leaked" a British proposal that Peking should participate in the Japanese peace treaty—apparently with the object of countering the charge that Washington was being induced by British pressure to "appease" Communist China.

Dulles, like MacArthur, has shown himself determined to retain, in and around Japan, the bases which the Pentagon wants, and to prevent the Chinese from regaining Formosa. For Dulles, Japan and Formosa are as much a part of America's defensive system as are Wake Island and Guam. To promote this "defensive" system, Dulles has lately proposed a separate peace with Japan which should exclude China and the Soviet Union, and should leave the U.S. in military control of the waters off the Chinese coast. That these proposals mean, in effect, the revival of a nationalist and militarist Japan is clearly indicated by the social and political consequences of MacArthur's occupation.

The first thing to note is that Japanese rearmament is already under way. The so-called "National Police Reserve" in Japan already numbers 75,000 men, or four divisions, equipped for regular warfare and now to be trained in artillery technique. As the Tokio correspondent of *The Times* noted two months ago, these *Jumpers* are regarded as constituting "the nucleus of a new Japanese Army." Many of the thousands of junior army and navy officers now released from MacArthur's much-vaunted "purge," the same correspondent reported, are now "expected to return as local leaders or to take up posts of responsibility in the so-called 'police reserve.'" Meanwhile, American garrisons are to remain in Japan, according to a recent statement of Dulles, so that "our troops provide a screen behind which Japan can have opportunity to recover the means of self-protection."

The second thing to note is that MacArthur's Occupation, though announced with the trumpets of social revolution, has left the basic structure of Japanese society unchanged. This fact was already clear in 1948. Early in that year the Under-Secretary of the U.S. Army, Mr. Royall, suggested that reparations, concentration of industry, as well as demilitarisation would all be watered down "in the interests of swift recovery." And this is precisely what has happened. Before the war, the Japanese economy was dominated by the great Zaibatsu cartels—the "Big Four," and the ten lesser family groups. Their monopoly of heavy industry gave them a vast influence on Government policy, and their guilt for Japan's war ventures was as great as that of the politicians and generals. The Allied post-surrender policy was to dissolve these sinister cartels. Americans disliked them as trusts, and MacArthur himself "smeared" them by declaring they had "so complete a monopoly as to be, in effect, a form of Socialism in private hands." The trouble was that no one except the Zaibatsu themselves had ever penetrated their vast jungle of holding companies, subsidiaries and interlocking directorates. So in 1945 S.C.A.P. suggested that the Zaibatsu themselves should work out a plan for their own destruction. Hissing politely, they complied. In 1946 a Liquidation Commission, headed by Susayama, a former executive of the Zaibatsu, started work.

From the very beginning, the scheme depended on the co-operation of the Zaibatsu themselves. When the problem arose of redistributing the shares of their industrial empires, there was no means of knowing whether or not they were passing to Zaibatsu agents, who feared—or hoped—that their bosses would return to power. It became more and more obvious that nothing short of a social revolution would shift the Zaibatsu. From here it was an easy step to finding that they might be more useful as friends than as enemies. In 1948, Mr. Royall, the Army spokesman already quoted, pointed out: "The men who were most active in building up and running the Japanese war machine—militarily and industrially—were often the ablest and most successful leaders of that country, and their services . . . . would contribute to the economic recovery of Japan." So the Zaibatsu as well were loaded on to the bandwagon of the Defence Against Japanese Strangulation, Inc.; with MacArthur between the shafts, the wagon could take this load, and more.

To-day, trust-busting in Japan is as dead as last year's reparations. As an American writer mused recently, the Zaibatsu, for all their ominous sound, are merely the Japanese Morgans, Du Ponts and Henry Fords, who are the traditionally honoured leaders of American society. From this point of view, the idea of destroying them seems rather "Un-American." Moreover, in the last two years, they have shown S.C.A.P. how helpful they can be as buddies, once the big stick of liquidation has been put away. As a reward, MacArthur has abolished the "ceilings" imposed on Japanese industry, including the limit of 4 million textile spindles. The results have been remarkable. In 1949 Japan's textile exports were 744 million sq. yds., as compared to Britain's 903 million; for 1950 the figures are respectively 1,100 million and 822 million, making Japan the biggest textile exporter in the world. Deprived of their traditional market in China, the Japanese Du Ponts have raked the world for new outlets and found them mainly in British markets. In India, Malaya, Ceylon, Nigeria, our exports are feeling the chill wind of Japanese competition. A mission sent last year to Burma by the Federation of British Industries commented: "Japan, it would seem, is out to capture by commercial methods what she captured, but could not hold, by force of arms."

For Japan the American blockade of China means something very near the realisation of Japan's war aims—the development of the "South-Eastern Co-prosperity Sphere"—but this time under American ægis. Never, in the dark days of 1945, could Japan's tycoons and politicians have dreamed of such a change in their fortunes. What of their comrades-in-arms, the General Staff? Some of these were regrettably hanged in the early stages of the Allied occupation. But in Japan, as in Germany, rearmament means that the survivors of the Samurai are being dusted off for fresh use. In March last year MacArthur issued his "Circular No. 5," which established that all war criminals now imprisoned may be released before finishing their terms. Sixteen leading war criminals, sentenced for the gravest crimes against humanity, are affected. They include Baron Hiranuma, who once declared that "for those Chinese who fail to understand Japan, we have no alternative but to exterminate them"; General Sadao Araki, War Minister responsible for the conquest of Manchuria; and Kingoro Hashimoto, an officer in command of troops at the sack of Nanking, where the Japanese Army ran amok in an orgy of rape and massacre. By the end of 1950, 166 of these war criminals had been "paroled" on MacArthur's orders.

These militarists, together with the Zaibatsu and the politicians who served both, were responsible for Japan's aggressive policies. They constituted her "springboard for war." It was MacArthur's clear policy to take another running dive from this "springboard." Mr. Dulles and the Chiefs of Staff, who have their feet on the firmer ground of reality, are not so eager for the water. But they are none the less in favour of conserving the means of diving: Japan's war potential might be a useful asset. It is for President Truman, now that he has taken his first great step towards peace in the Far East, to check them and change the course of American policy. He can do this by meeting the wishes of America's friends and allies—by ensuring that China and the Soviet Union are given their rightful place and part in making peace with Japan, by restoring China to the United Nations, and by recognising Formosa for what it is, an island, in the words of the Cairo declaration, "stolen" from China by Japan. Within the framework of a Japanese settlement such as this there would seem to be reason to hope for a peace in Korea which would neither sacrifice the legitimate needs of Western policy nor expect the Chinese to forego the legitimate aspirations of their revolution.

Ernest Bevin

I REMEMBER well a number of talks I had with Ernest Bevin in 1931, when he was wondering whether he ought to stand for Parliament. He was then, and had long been, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which he had created and consolidated out of the old Dockers' Union and the numerous other unions which were managed with it under his leadership after he had made his national reputation in 1920 as "the Dockers' K.C." He felt strongly that the great union he had made had the first claim on his loyalty; but he was also deeply disturbed by the ignominious failure of the MacDonald Government in face of the developing world crisis, and, a little later, sheerly horrified at MacDonald's defection to the enemy's side. In the end he did stand, feeling that he could best serve his members by rallying to the Labour Party in its darkest hour; and, with many other good men and true, he went down to defeat. He had no wish to become a politician: he was first and foremost a trade union leader; and, but for the supreme challenge of 1940, it would have been as a trade unionist that he would have passed into history. That challenge made him the extremely successful Minister of Labour who took charge of the man-power front from 1940 to 1945, and, on the strength of that achievement, carried him into the Foreign Office, in which he was much less at home.

Concerning Bevin the Foreign Secretary, there is room for wide differences of opinion. He was under continual fire from members of his own party, who accused him of playing the old Foreign Office game, of forgetting the need to build up the forces of European Socialism, and of sacrificing too much to the attempt to bring the Americans to the rescue of Western Europe against the threat of Communism. But whenever his critics challenged him in a party meeting he found no difficulty in scattering them as chaff before the wind. He was a formidable opponent in any gathering to which he could talk as he had been accustomed to talk to critics of his policies in his own union or at the Trades Union Congress or Labour Party Conference. He was formidable both because of his own forcible and forthright honesty of purpose and because he was, and remained to the end, so completely working-class in his ways of thought. He knew how to speak to the working classes in their own language, as one of themselves; and he knew how to appeal to their sense of loyalty—a quality that was very strong in him—and of the need to stick together. He had the sentiment—deeply rooted in the trade union movement—that the working class must stand solid; and this made him ferocious in attack both on Communist disrupters and on Socialists whom he accused of setting their own motives above their loyalty to the working-class movement. He never forgave or forgot the "treason" of MacDonald and of Mosley; and it so worked on his mind as to make him acutely suspicious of all "intellectual" Socialists and over-ready to wonder which of them would next betray the workers.

This became a serious weakness—the more so because his suspicions did not extend to intellectuals who were not Socialists. As a Minister, he trusted his Civil Servants as he had trusted subordinate officials in his own trade union. He sometimes rapped them over the knuckles in private; but he felt it his duty in public to defend them through thick and thin.

For a time, between 1929 and 1932, I worked closely with Ernest Bevin, when he was chairman and I vice-chairman of the Society for Socialist Inquiry and Propaganda, and we were both serving on MacDonald's Economic Advisory Council. We even collaborated in a pamphlet, published by THE NEW STATESMAN, on the crisis of 1931. I had the deepest respect and liking for him, and, odd as it seems now, was not alone in regarding him as the man marked out to lead the Labour movement forward to an advanced Socialist policy after the disasters of 1931. It was a calamity when the rump of the I.L.P., led by Frank Wise, in amalgamating with S.S.I.P. to form the Socialist League, refused to accept Bevin as chairman, and thus drove him sharply to the Right and confirmed his suspicion of Socialist ideologues and of all their works. For Bevin was not by nature either the Right-winger or the "boss" that he has been made out to be. His natural sympathies were with the moderate Left, until he was driven into antagonism by what seemed to him, as a trade unionist through and through, its irresponsibility. He felt profoundly for the bottom dogs in industry, for old people, and for the unemployed; and he fought hard battles in their cause. There was in him some vanity, and much impatience of fools; but he was entirely without self-seeking.

The trade union movement has contributed, in recent times, three outstandingly great men to the Labour Party—Keir Hardie, Arthur Henderson and Ernest Bevin. They were singularly unlike; but they had this in common, that they were deeply honest as well as courageous, and that each in his own way was thoroughly representative of an essential strand in the character of the British working classes.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

IN ONE sense, the news that Ernest Bevin had died altered nothing. Since last Spring he had been a dying man, and after his resignation from the Foreign Office he had been too infirm to contribute anything to Cabinet discussions. Yet when the B.B.C. made the announcement on Saturday and, even more, when Mr. Attlee's tribute—recorded in hospital—was broadcast after the Sunday evening news, every listener, I suspect, felt as I did that an epoch had closed. With Bevin dead, Cripps gone and the Prime Minister a sick and rather isolated man, the peculiar type of Labour Government that we have had since 1945 is finished and the vitality which urged it on during its first four years of life is sputtering out. Whatever their qualities—and they are considerable—Morrison and Gaitskell are not political personalities who have been felt, like Cripps and Bevin, to be national rather than purely party spokesmen.

This—and not any superficial personal antagonisms—is the true explanation of the renewed tension between Morrisonians and Bevanites which is still rumbling despite Mr. Bevan's acceptance of defeat on the Budget. Since 1945 the Big Three, by their personal ascendancy, have maintained unity within the parliamentary party and the Labour movement. When we recollect the distance that the Government has moved from the ideas on which Mr. Attlee rode to power, we can see what an achievement that was. If a great many Socialist principles had to be dumped by the roadside, an astonishing amount was accomplished—a good deal more in fact than the total programme worked out in the years of Opposition. But to-day this particular stage of the journey is over; the pace of advance has slackened—or is the Party perhaps moving backwards?—and the surviving leaders, who have held office continuously since 1940, are very tired. Such moments must come in the life of every political party; and when they come to a party which has the responsibilities of office, the shift to a new leadership, with new maps of the road and fresh ideas, is always extremely perilous. There are bound to be deep and vigorous dissensions. Or rather, if there are no disagreements, and self-preservation enforces verbal unanimity, the party dies under the old leadership. Many eager voices are now demanding a grand Cabinet reconstruction. But a brand new Government is impossible; new leaders can't be created by a wave of the wand. The Government is bound to be mainly concerned with preparing for the next election.

* * *

Before MacArthur was dismissed, there were ugly reports of impending operations against the Chinese mainland. On Saturday, a Voice of America broadcast claimed that a "Free China" force, organised and led by British and American agents, had had "considerable success," including the destruction of a power station in Peking. The commentator went on to claim that such sabotage methods were likely to be more effective than "frontal invasion," and that the U.S. was supplying arms and equipment for them. I am assured that no such operation has been authorised by the British, but activities of this kind, threatened by MacArthur, may remain as an evil legacy after his departure. All the more need to support the British Government's attempt to limit and end the Korean conflict. This adds greatly to the importance of the Peace With China Council meeting at the Kingsway Hall, at 7 p.m. on Tuesday next, April 24. Tom Driberg, M.P., F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., Lady Selwyn-Clarke and A. J. P. Taylor will be among the speakers. The Editor of this journal will take the chair.

* * *

There is a terrific row in Dublin, and this time it is about something really important. Dr. Browne, the Minister of Health, has been forced to resign, because his National Health scheme has been judged to run counter to Roman Catholic teaching on faith and morals. The hierarchy fears that, under a State medical system, doctors may be expected to give advice on sex relations, birth control and other matters on which medical opinion may not accord with Catholic doctrine. The controversy has ended in a vitriolic correspondence between Dr. Browne and his party Leader, Mr. Sean McBride. Dr. Browne, who is himself a Trinity Catholic, is thirty-three years old, earnest and efficient. He had even begun to put some life into the Irish Ministry of Health. He has won praise from every competent observer by his efforts to reduce the tuberculosis rate, and he had entered, like Aneurin Bevan in this country, upon a long wrangle with the Irish Medical Society (an off-shoot of the B.M.A.), on the question of a free medical service. The Bishops, who had already complained to Mr. de Valera when the Bill had been introduced under his administration, now came into the open; the Archbishop began to bring pressure to bear on the Prime Minister, Mr. Costello. Dr. Browne seems to have expected the Government, and especially Mr. Sean McBride, to support him. When it failed to do so, he attacked Mr. McBride's "cruel and authoritarian mind" and used phrases about his "two-faced hypocrisy," and so forth. Good, old-fashioned, blistering stuff. Dr. Browne has now resigned, not only from the Government, but from his party, and its leaders' "unwholesome brand of politics." The *Irish Times*, which gives the correspondence in full, comments that "the most serious revelation is that the Roman Catholic Church would seem to be the effective government of this country."

* * *

Several letters have now reached me asking awkward questions about the official account of the conspiracy which has led to the arrest of prominent persons in Pakistan. Point is certainly added to this scepticism by the announcement that the alleged conspirators are to be tried in secret by a special court set up by *ad hoc* legislation. What good grounds can there be for rail-roading justice in this way?

* * *

It is some time since I listened to the speakers at Marble Arch, but the repertoire seems much the same. You can follow some of them by reading the labels on their platforms—Communist, Catholic Evidence, Socialist Party of Great Britain. Others, with a more tortuous logic and weaker voices, are harder to identify. After standing in one group for more than five minutes, I was still unable to place the speaker's nostrum, and I discovered that my neighbours were equally baffled, though one of them was heckling him sharply. Moving up the fence, past the alphabet reformer and the gentleman who merely repeated the phrase "Starvation in New Zealand" over and over, I found a large crowd forming a hollow circle. In the centre, two men and a woman were singing in harmony. Hymns, I thought. No, the choir next door was competing for that audience. Buskers? But in the half-hour I listened to them they made no effort to collect money. This trio was joined by floating performers from the crowd, who took turns for a bit, dancing a jig, jiving or merely singing. The stock of songs seemed unlimited, but as one succeeded another I realised that they were aimed at individuals in the crowd. A well-dressed man

brought on himself "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." A Negro girl was the target for "Swanee," an American for "San Francisco Here I Come." I could only explain it by *joie de vivre*. But then, as I left, one of the performers went over to join an evangelical group that was singing "The Gates of Hell Are Opening, For Sinners Like You and Me"!

CRITIC

SAYONARA

The cherry tree bedecked with blossoms fair
No lack of praise will find,
But people who give praise when boughs are bare,
Those are truly kind.
Old Japanese Proverb

The High Commander, banished from his place,
Like to a withered cherry tree
On which no eye with admiration gazes,
The one-time enemy
Bowing respect, in estimation raises;
And so Japan with ceremonial phrases,
The conqueror in disgrace
Preserves from loss of face.

The reverent multitudes of Tokio
With due obeisance greet
The broken blossom of the Occupation.
His subjects line the street
Bowing in humble and spontaneous appreciation
As he takes off in his private Constellation,
Though none of his Allied associates show
Regret to see him go.

This overlord his overlords recall,
Stripped of his honourable high command,
To answer for political indiscretions.
Yet, it is rumoured, in his native land
Compatriots with enthusiastic democratic expressions
Organize demonstrations and welcoming triumphal processions.
This cherry tree may flourish after all
While other blossoms fall.

A withered tree will few admirers find,
But withered trees once more may burst in bloom,
And all the world will praise them with celerity.
And when, as they presume,
It blossoms in the sunshine of prosperity,
Assured of Japan's unexceptionable sincerity,
This tree will bear in mind
Those who were truly kind.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. D——, a Middlesbrough municipal Socialist candidate, has resigned from the local Labour party to join the Conservatives. He said that he felt nobody in the Labour movement now believed in Socialism.—*Conservative "Weekly News Letter."* (Audrey R. Wolfson.)

Excessive broadcasting seems to be creating a condition in the atmosphere that can only be relieved by rain. As an instance, since the Third Programme was introduced we have hardly had three successive days without rain.—Letter in *Birmingham Mail*. (R. G. Malcolm.)

Surrounded by very well-bred brindle-coated Cairns, she assured me: "I love all dogs."

So she is asking local M.P.s to urge a law compelling the destruction of mongrel bitches at birth. —*Daily Herald*. (H. C. Smith.)

My wife likes cork-tipped cigarettes and I prefer plain. So we have cut down our smoking by switching packets when we come from the tobacconists.—*Daily Express*. (A. G. Gamble.)

A man kept a plane in a bedroom for nearly three years just to practise on the controls so that he could get a pilot's licence. Said Mrs. ——: "I used to complain to my husband about it. I could never clean the room out properly."—*Daily Express*. (Patricia Wilkins.)

The Soviet Line

UP to April 11, there was one point at least on which the peoples of the Soviet Union and Western Europe saw eye-to-eye: the most immediate danger of another world war came from General MacArthur. For many months now he had been the favourite butt of Soviet cartoonists—well ahead of even Truman and Churchill. Nothing quite so ferocious had appeared for a long time as the Kukriniksy cartoon, "This is a comforting sight to my old eyes"—words actually reported by Reuter to have been uttered by MacArthur at the sight of some dead Koreans—showing him stroking lovingly the detached hand of a dead Korean child. The horrors of the Korean war, especially its effect on the civilian population, are described by the Russian press in the most gruesome detail.

The purpose of dwelling on the horrors of war in Korea seems not to prepare people in Russia for the worst (that would be inept propaganda), but to stir up a feeling of acute hatred for "American imperialism" and a sense of solidarity with the peoples of Asia—whom Russia will go on helping, even if only very cautiously. Although the idea of a general war is carefully avoided, much in the Soviet press implies that a threat to the Russian Far East, including Vladivostok, cannot be ignored. Numerous articles have lately been appearing deliberately playing down, in contradiction with all previous histories of the Civil War years, the role played by Britain and France in the foreign Intervention, and attributing the leading part in this "capitalist attempt to dismember Russia" to the United States. One of the central episodes of the Intervention is now suddenly shown to have been the landing in Vladivostok in 1918 of the American expeditionary force under General Graves, and major historic importance is attributed to the encouragement he is supposed to have given to the White Russian chieftain, General Semyonov—who was finally captured in Manchuria in 1945 and hanged in Moscow a year later as a Japanese agent, after a public trial. In this "revised history" Semyonov clearly figures as a forerunner of Syngman Rhee. All this seems to reflect genuine nervousness.

Has the threat to China and to the Russian Far East been removed by the dismissal of MacArthur? Soviet commentators at present seem to think that the *immediate* threat has been greatly lessened; and to this extent MacArthur's disappearance from the Korean scene has been welcomed in Moscow. But the matter doesn't really end there. Although, in the popular imagination in Russia, MacArthur was Warmonger Number One, no one attributed undue importance to the whims of one man. Just as Hitler, in the Russian interpretation, represented certain classes and capitalist groups in Germany, so MacArthur was considered throughout as the representative of "monopolist capitalism." True, a slight difference was still made between Truman and MacArthur, between "moderates" and "extremists" in America, and also between the "Asia First" and the "Europe First" schools of thought. The distinction drawn was, however, very slight; and even if Soviet Government quarters are now not unduly surprised by MacArthur's dismissal, the man-in-the-street in Russia must be, just as no doubt he is also surprised by the violent conflict that has broken out between the "two branches of monopolist capitalism"—rather a contradiction in terms, one might say!

If Moscow thought World War III to be inevitable, surely it would deplore the fall of MacArthur. An attack by the U.S. on China would have placed the onus of this Third World War on America, and would have led to the disruption of all America's alliances; anti-American sentiment might have been expected to sweep Western Europe, so that America would have been virtually isolated by the time Russia's air force came to the rescue of the Chinese and the American (or U.N.) army was driven out of Korea, in accordance with Stalin's recent forecast in *Pravda*. Both Stalin and Mao may assume that the Chinese Communists can take care of any Chiang Kai-shek troops, just as they did in the past. In short, a MacArthur attack on China would most likely have ended in a military fiasco and, above all, in a diplomatic disaster for the U.S. As it is, it seems that Russia welcomed the news of MacArthur's dismissal—and surely for the simple reason that, in spite of everything, there was *still* a danger of even such a "MacArthur" war against China developing into a general World War.

For such a general World War Russia is not prepared, either militarily or psychologically. "Conditioning" is a very important part of Soviet life, and while the Soviet people are being conditioned into believing firmly in the justice of the colonial peoples' cause, two eventualities are not clearly visualised at all—the atomic bombing of Russia and a Russian invasion of Western Europe. The one is treated, throughout Russian propaganda, as the ravings of lunatics, the other as plain nonsense; and something very drastic would have to happen before the Russian people could be conditioned into visualising such a move. In other words, the World War, as seen by the Russian people, could only be started by a surprise attack on the Soviet Union, with the whole burden of responsibility falling on the U.S.A. An invasion of Western Europe could, therefore, only follow an American attack on Russia itself.

It is true that the full-scale rearmament of Western Germany might prompt Russia to take "preventive action"; but even this is far from certain. For, in the Russian view, German rearmament still remains a double-edged weapon. "Who, except the Germans, is going to fight their war?" Professor Tarlé recently wrote in *Bolshevik*. His article implied that the Russians are still fairly confident of avoiding a World War, because if America is gaining manpower on the one side, she is losing moral support on the other: for who in the countries of Western Europe, where there is still a belief in "democracy" and a "Free World," would

relish the thought of fighting Russia alongside German and Japanese war criminals?

And what for? Although Stalin's remarks about the American and British soldiers in Korea lacking enthusiasm, because "it isn't a just war," sound far-fetched, they have a much wider bearing: if the "cause" of the Free World is to spread colonialism and American rule everywhere with the help of napalm and atom bombs, then, argument runs, few Western people will find it a cause worth dying for.

Meanwhile, the picture of conditions inside Russia suggests that life is going on very "peacefully," and that little is happening to indicate the imminence of a world war. Apart from the long-term economic schemes for greatly increasing the arable area of Russia, such as the vast electrification and irrigation plans, Soviet agriculture is now undergoing a revolutionary process of industrialisation and "urbanisation," which involves an immense amount of reorganisation and building. Moreover, there is clear evidence that output of consumers' goods is expanding: another cut, the fourth since 1947, was recently made in all retail prices. This does not mean that there is not large expenditure on arms; but there is no evidence of rearmament on a scale sufficient to affect seriously civilian production (as was the case in Russia in 1938-40) or the standard of living.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Legal Watchdog

On the principle that a reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog, a welfare State can suitably carry a few organisations like the Howard League for Penal Reform, which commemorates the name of John Howard in its work for "the right treatment of delinquency and the prevention of crime." Not that this robust little body, recently described by the Chairman of the Prison Commission as "desirable and necessary" in the same sense as His Majesty's Opposition in the Commons, gets any money from the Government. It is not even deemed a research organisation for the purposes of a grant under section 77 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948; nor does it show any sign that it so deems itself—preferring, perhaps, the freedom of perpetual near-bankruptcy to the thraldom of sponsored solvency. Indeed, there might be something slightly immoral in a Government's subsidising its own critics—too like a prima donna's champagne supper to first-night pressmen.

But the Howard League, in the thirty years since it began life in 1921 as a fusion of the Howard Association and the Penal Reform League, has promoted an almost incredible list of reforms in the administration of the criminal law, employing a skilful and economic use of suggestion, pressure, education and the scepticism that never takes "No" for a Whitehall answer. It secured, for example, legal aid for poor defendants in magistrates' courts by drafting and promoting the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, 1930, and it is no fault of the League's that the scheme is so inadequately used. It was similarly responsible for the Summary Jurisdiction (Appeals) Act, 1933, facilitating appeals to Quarter Sessions against conviction by justices. It was directly responsible for the formation, also in 1921, of the Magistrates' Association, which has thus grown side by side with it—and which now, unlike its sponsor, qualifies for Government aid in the form of expenses for J.P.s attending instruction courses (by virtue of the Justices of the Peace Act, 1949). It promoted the introduction of prison visitors to gaols, the abolition of solitary confinement and the "silence rule," and the inauguration of prison evening classes and lectures. It helped to secure the passing of the Money Payments (Justices Procedure) Act, 1935, which minimised imprisonments for non-payment of fines, rates, and maintenance awards. It inspired the abolition of flogging (except as a prison discipline), an achievement largely the work of its present chairman, George Benson, Labour M.P. for Chesterfield, who devoted years to the accumulation of facts that would finally expose the fatuity of *post facto* judicial torture. It raised the funds for the first prison wages scheme (now extended throughout the service) and for more prison wireless and correspondence courses—the latter since taken over by the Prison Commissioners, who, it may be thought, should have been responsible for them in the first place.

These activities have not, on the whole, endeared the Howard League to the busy executive whose work keeps his mind off reform; many prison officers, policemen, even justices' clerks and lawyers regard it as an association of busy sentimentalists roughly comparable in significance to the Lord's Day Observance Society or a Guild of Flat-Earthers. It is even less popular among those people who are induced by a kind of last-ditch megalomania to run after discharged prisoners with small but interest-bearing benevolences. But its relationships with the Prison Commissioners themselves are friendly, frank, and mutually profitable.

It was not always so. During the fifty-five years' life of the Howard Association (it was established in 1866) when much of the spade work was done, it had often been at loggerheads with authority—although a Lord Chancellor was its first president and its council often included prison governors, magistrates, and lawyers. The Howard League and the authorities still tend to watch each other warily. But if anyone secretly regards the Howard League as a battery of cranks, the League itself regards a crank as a device for rotating wheels that might otherwise be comfortably stationary. Cranking on, therefore, it now addresses its energies to reform of the magistrates' courts, the abolition of the death penalty and of corporal punishment in prisons, the raising of the "age of criminal responsibility" to fourteen (with the establishment of child welfare councils), a scheme for making prisoners compensate their victims out of reasonable wages for socially useful prison labour, more "camp" prisons of the Wakefield type, and (as part of a completely reorganised system of "after-care") the introduction of a trained social worker into every prison. It also publishes one of the best penological reviews produced in any country,* in the latest issue of which the Chairman of the Prison Commission, Mr. L. W. Fox, soberly but entertainingly reviews the Commission's five-year plan (it ended last year) for the vocational training of prisoners.

This daunting programme, however, has lately acquired the characteristics of a race against time, for it is now some years since the League embarked upon the fatal process, common to so many societies to-day, of living on a fast-dwindling capital. At present, to "balance" income and expenditure, it dips into capital for over £400 every year, and can go on doing this for about another three years. Thereafter—the League's work must be severely curtailed. Russia, of course, gets along without one; but her prisons are more conveniently distant than ours are from sensitive eyes and ears, and moreover her whole social system postulates a Supreme Wisdom, a dog that has no need of fleas to keep it from brooding on being a dog. In this country the State's recent assumption of responsibility for the major social services has left the right of criticism wide open, without dignifying criticism as a social service or offering it any money. Constructive criticism of the kind advanced by the Howard League will become more, not less, important as methods and procedures become standardised and comparison is harder to come by.

C. H. ROLPH

* *The Howard Journal*, 2s. 6d. post free from the Howard League, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1.

The Wrong End of a Telescope

When Gulliver recovered from his initial surprise he must have enjoyed himself in Lilliput, that Toy of Toys. And, perhaps, part of our pleasure in reading Swift has come from a vicarious fascination with his working model of a whole kingdom, all to scale, from its ships and harbour down to the emotions of its courtiers. We all envy Gulliver, who could intervene in the affairs of Lilliput as easily as we sail a boat on a pond or set in motion the models in the Science Museum.

Does this partly explain the attraction of models, and of model-making as a hobby? Seen through the wrong end of a telescope the world always seems brighter and more intriguing than life. Here the human is a giant, his subjects dwarfs, ships and trains the creatures of his own hand: he is part Gulliver, in mastery, and part Walter Mitty, living out his fantasies in miniature. This is certainly true of children and, I suspect, it also holds good for many adults, who are said to form three-quarters of the million who make some kind of modelling their hobby.

Now the true model enthusiast has a small snobbery of his own. He makes or uses *models*, not *toys*; and the difference is important. The essence of the model is exact craftsmanship, while the attraction of a toy is either in its novelty or in the mere fact that it works. There is a great gulf between the boat that sails or the train that just runs, and the model yacht and the model locomotive. Build a waterline model of an Atlantic liner from a simple kit of parts: at once you belong to a special fraternity just as much as if you have yourself machined the components of a small marine engine.

This fraternity, moreover, seems to be growing. One sign is the popularity of the flourishing periodicals catering to the model-makers. They read, to name only some examples, the *Model Engineer*, *Model Maker*, *Practical Mechanics*, *Model Railway News*, *Model Railway Construction*, or *Model Ships and Power Boats*, and all juvenile publications devote some space to tips and drawings for model-making. Exhibitions are another index. The three most important annual events are those organised by the Model Railway Club, the Northern Association of Model Engineers, and the Model Engineering Exhibition. But add to these at least another two hundred and fifty local shows in the course of the last twelve months, and add again the model sections of some hundred more displays sponsored by the Rotary Clubs' drive to stimulate interest in hobbies. In spite of steeply rising prices for parts and materials, and in spite of the purchase-tax, the demand for model equipment has expanded

steadily since the war ; and, so far as the producers of such equipment can tell it has expanded most among comparatively poor people, for whom such a hobby was once too expensive.

Model-making, of course, has its fads and fashions. For a time, the coming of radio turned many modellers away from the perennial boats and locomotives: coils and circuits replaced steam engines and tracks. But the novelty wore off. Then there was a boom in model aircraft, especially when cheap petrol motors became available. This was checked partly by the fragility of the planes, and partly by the shortage of suitable open spaces for flying them. Miniature racing cars ran into similar difficulties. Since they travel at very high speeds they need special and —for reasons of expense—rarely-found tracks. The same objection applies to cars and small planes driven by jet propulsion. In the end, most modellers come back to boats and railways. And the craze for noting locomotive numbers (there are still crowds of boys at any large station) suggests that the fraternity of model-makers may soon receive a fresh rush of recruits, passionately interested in trains.

The letters received by the makers of model equipment certainly confirm this impression. Every day brings a fan-mail, proposing new designs or asking for advice on construction. And the professional model engineers seem as much infected by model enthusiasm as their customers. If, for instance, you visit Mr. Bassett-Lowke in his Northampton factory you find that he and his craftsmen will show you their products with the same pride and pleasure as a small boy taking you into the attic to show you the railway track he has just laid down. Bassett-Lowke, indeed, might well put up the Arms of Lilliput, with the words: "By Appointment to H.M. Golbasto Gue." For this firm, fifty years ago, pioneered in the construction of accurate scale-models, which soon pushed the crude and merely "working" toy to one side. To-day, it gets orders from the ends of the earth, both for separate parts from its stock of 10,000 items, and for special complete models. In the Northampton workshops, a staff of more than four hundred turn out perfect scale replicas of famous locomotives and complete trains and the gamut of railway equipment, machined to the fineness of a watchmakers' meticulous craft.

The model market falls into three main categories. First, completed models, which can be worked or displayed as delivered. Next, parts to build similar models, or standardised components—boilers, funnels, capstans, portholes, gears—which the model-maker can use in engines or boats of his own design and make. Together, these two categories account for perhaps three-fifths of the trade. The third is that of industrial model-making, a rapidly expanding business. Bassett-Lowke has always specialised in this, especially for shipbuilders and owners who want detailed models for showroom purposes. It regards the 1 : 48 replica of the *Queen Elizabeth* (which weighs more than one ton and took nearly seven thousand man-hours to build) as its masterpiece. Like all such models, which must be correct in every detail, this was built from the actual blueprints used by the shipwrights, suitably scaled down.

During the war, models were used extensively for training purposes. Miniature Bailey Bridges were built to demonstrate their technique to Army engineers, and to-day these models are being sent to colonial areas for the same purpose. Mulberry Harbour, ship identification models, a range of military equipment, were also made in miniature at Northampton. And since 1945 many firms have been turning increasingly to models for sales purposes. Export markets can be reached more easily if exact models of diesel engines, cars and industrial equipment can be shown to potential buyers overseas. There are detailed replicas of power stations : local authorities have had panoramic displays made from their plans for the rebuilding of blitzed towns or the development of new housing schemes. In this field the model has ceased to be a mere hobby or an entertaining working exhibit and has become a normal industrial practice.

This work will go on. But the shortage of non-ferrous metals is going to hit this trade on the recreational side, for mechanical models fall into the category of goods whose manufacture will now be prohibited if they contain more than five per cent of the scarce materials. When this happens, no doubt the enthusiasts will fill the gap by turning their attention to signals, bridges, stations, scenery, and sailing boats, all of which require wood rather than metal. But most of them will not be happy without their locomotives and their steam-engines. For one of the odd things about model-making is that the maker often loses his interest in the model once it is finished. He builds his engine more to *build* it, than to operate it. In his own way, after all, he is just as much an aesthete as the potter or the painter.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

So They Say . . .

HARDLY had the Budget battle inside the Cabinet subsided than political correspondents were presented with a topic even more open to speculation—Mr. Attlee's position following the death of his greatest and most loyal lieutenant. "[This] leaves Mr. Attlee very much alone and isolated," suggested the *Observer's* political correspondent on Sunday—only to be quickly corrected next day by the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, who said that talk of Mr. Attlee being "isolated" was an "absurd overstatement."

Several newspapers remarked on one of the wider implications: UNIONS' INFLUENCE WEAKENED ?—LOSS OF THEIR MOST POWERFUL VOICE IN THE CABINET, stated the *Manchester Guardian* on Monday. "The so-called Labour Party is less and less represented at Westminster by genuine working men," said the *Daily Mail* in an editorial. It was left, not, as one might have expected, to the *Daily Herald*, but to the *News Chronicle*, to reply to this: "One-third of the Ministers of Cabinet rank have come into Parliament with trade-union backing . . . more than one-third of the Labour M.P.s have the official support of unions—a higher proportion than in the 1945 Parliament. . . ."

Most speculation, however, still centred on the threatened resignation of Aneurin Bevan. "The Tories don't disguise their delight at his 'defeat' by the new Chancellor," said Mr. A. J. Cummings. "They think he is 'done'; and, of course, they may be right." *The Times* took a different view: "Mr. Bevan's position in the Cabinet [becomes] somewhat stronger; it leaves the Prime Minister, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Gaitskell more exposed to the pressure which he can exercise."

Of Mr. Bevan's tactics, the *Daily Telegraph* reported on Monday that "Left-wing Socialists are lamenting that Mr. Bevan appeared to make his stand on the narrow issue of the [Health] charges . . . they would have had him take the field on . . . broad principles. . . ." The *Daily Worker*, however, hinted at more interesting activities: "Mr. Bevan and Mr. Harold Wilson are already co-operating . . . working out a new cost-of-living platform as a basis for gaining rank-and-file support. . . . Not only were they opposed to the Health Service charges, they also suggested a clothing subsidy to cost about £75 million."

What now does Fleet Street anticipate ? First, Cabinet changes. On what scale ? "An elaborate reshuffle of offices is highly probable," thought the *Daily Telegraph* on Monday. ATTLEE'S CHANGES LIKELY TO BE FEW, replied the *Star*.

Finally, there were expectations of a General Election, but again, marked lack of agreement on its timing.

Manchester Guardian: Mr. Bevin's death will not make much difference to the life of the House of Commons. . . .

Evening Standard: Without Mr. Bevin's powerful backing . . . Mr. Attlee may feel that it would be dangerous to wait much longer. . . .

Daily Mail: Politicians . . . were not certain last night whether this new development might not postpone Mr. Attle's decision. . . .

Daily Graphic: SOCIALISTS' DAY IS NEARLY OVER. . . . Parliamentarians are asking: Can the Government survive the Budget ?

Stone-Agers

One of the most fascinating developments in recent weeks has been the alacrity with which the British press has seized the initiative from its American counterpart in becoming the mouthpiece of organised crime:—

Sunday Express: HOW I TOOK THE STONE, by the man who MADE THE PLANS, LED THE BREAK-IN, and personally BROUGHT THE STONE OUT.

Reynolds News: HOW I STOLE THE STONE OF DESTINY.

Sunday Empire News: FULL, FANTASTIC STORY OF THE STONE, by the man who planned its removal.

Sunday Pictorial: THESE WERE THE FOUR WHO DID IT.

AUTOLYCUS

The Case of Bert Brecht

THE case of the German playwright, Bert Brecht, is the most recent and perhaps the most instructive illustration of the almost insoluble dilemma in which the Stalinist Peace Campaign places a great creative artist who is at the same time a convinced and consistent Marxist and intends to remain one. Brecht is outstanding among living German dramatists. He is also the most gifted and imaginative producer now working on the German stage, and the only genuine revolutionary among its dramatic theoreticians. His clever and hard-hitting modern adaptation of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, with music by the late Kurt Weill, earned him an international reputation in pre-Hitler days, but his more important works, mostly written in exile, in France, Finland, and the United States, like *Mother Courage and Her Children*, *Master Puntila*, *Galileo Galilei*, and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* are still largely unknown outside Germany. However, *Mother Courage* is now scheduled for production by the London Group Theatre.

Brecht is a veteran Marxist and has been close to the Communist Party, if he has not in fact been a member, for the past twenty-five years. Since his return from exile, three years ago, he has been working in the Soviet sector of Berlin, where he has established his own company and become virtual master of Max Reinhardt's former theatre. This, he likes to explain, is the fault of the Americans, who placed so many

bureaucratic obstacles in the path of his return that in the end he took the Russian short-cut. This may or may not be so, but it is significant that Brecht, a shrewd and wily man who affects a highly individualistic attitude of independence, has never publicly proclaimed his allegiance to President Pieck and the East German Republic. He has kept equally clear of committing himself in any way, at least in the eyes of the public, to the Soviet authorities. He never made the customary trip to Moscow, joined no writers' association, sits on no committee, and signs no manifestos. He took no part in any of the various cultural and peace conferences arranged by the Russians in Berlin during the past few years, but insisted on taking his company on tours through Western Germany and continued to produce his own plays in Switzerland.

It was presumably his high artistic reputation outside the Soviet orbit which enabled him to go his own way. German Communists were delighted to have him, placed facilities at his disposal which assured him of complete freedom to work, and made concessions to him which no one else in Soviet Berlin enjoys. As a result, during the past three years, Brecht has gone from success to success both as a playwright and a producer, and become a factor of considerable artistic as well as political importance. What Brecht would do next was a question to which the answer had more than theatrical significance; it was a sign-post as to how far anyone could go.

He has disappointed those who thought he would one day "see through it all," turn his back on Pieck and Grotewohl, and go West. But he has now "come up against" these men in circumstances which are as instructive as they were unforeseen. The cause was his new opera, *The Trial of Lucullus*. Originally written in 1932 as a play for broadcasting, it has been set to music by Paul Dessau. The opera had its first and only performance at the Russian-controlled Berlin Opera House on March 17.

This is what happens in it. Lucullus, the great Roman general, has died, and at the cross-roads between Hades and Elysium has to face a jury of shadows to whom he must justify his conduct on earth before they agree to admit him to the realm of the blessed spirits. The warlord who conquered "the East" for Rome in brutal wars of aggression and exploitation fails utterly to establish his case. As he recalls, ever more desperately, the heroic exploits of his career, the victims of his great deeds, soldiers and civilians, rise to confound his claims with accusations and mounting proof of the misery and suffering he has heaped upon them. Only his cook and his gardener testify for him, the latter because Lucullus caused him to bring the cherry-tree to Europe. But the lone cherry-tree is not enough. The tribunal finally condemns Lucullus to the pit of Acheron, and the opera ends with the chorus singing, "Away with him into Nothingness!"

On the face of it, it would seem that the story faithfully conforms to the Party line. The jury condemns Lucullus' wars of aggression against the East and convicts the aggressor for his utter failure to make his contribution to constructive peace. But this was not the way it was viewed by the hierarchy of the Socialist Unity Party. While rehearsals were already in progress, the Party Secretary, Walter Ulbricht, suddenly had his doubts. Had not the wily Brecht tried to pull a fast one? There could be no doubt about the opera's unconditionally pacifist tendency; but did it, by virtue of this tendency, automatically support the Stalinist Peace Campaign? Not necessarily, it seemed. The condemnation of aggressive war which Brecht had obviously had in mind, appeared to be negatived by his very propaganda in favour of unconditional pacifism which, carried to its logical end, must inevitably stand in the way of the Stalinist conception of the "warrior for peace." It was hard to believe that Brecht had not perceived this; but, if he had, and his intention had been, with tongue in cheek, to demonstrate the dilemma of how to reconcile the fight for peace with unconditional condemnation of war, he had for once gone too far. What was more, he had deliberately placed his story in the nether world, which even by the widest stretch of imagination, could not be considered "realistic." Moreover, it had an unrelieved pessimistic undertone which was not, as is should have been, balanced by a "constructive statement." Come to think of it, the whole thing was utterly and damnably "formalistic."

Had Bert Brecht tried, with the help of his great artistic gifts and his unchallenged reputation, to imply the incompatibility of Marxist doctrine with Communist propaganda? If so, he was due for a lesson. It was decided to kill the opera, or rather to give it enough rope to hang itself. To ban Brecht was unthinkable. He had to be booed off the stage by the only people whose judgment, according to his own teaching, he respected as being of any value—the workers. The first night took place as scheduled, but the press (including the Communist party papers) was excluded. Tickets were not sold to the public but distributed to selected groups of trade unionists, members of Communist youth organisations and other reliable bodies, with instructions to provoke a theatrical scandal which would compel Brecht to withdraw the work.

What happened, in the presence of Pieck and Ulbricht in their box, was the opposite. A few hissers obeyed their instructions, the rest clean forgot all about them and, carried away by the overwhelming dramatic force of the play and the stark directness of Dessau's music, turned the opera into a delirious success. Those who were present report that Pieck and Ulbricht left their box in indignation while the audience was in an uproar of wild cheering and clapping, and Brecht and Dessau, no doubt well aware of what had been planned, openly embraced each other on the stage. The following day it was announced that no further performances of *The Trial of Lucullus* would be given.

The Communist Party press did not comment on the incident for a full week. Then the official party organ took author and composer to task, in a brief but instructive notice. The opera, it said, was an experiment which for artistic and ideological reasons was bound to fail. When he first wrote the text, it explained, Brecht may have been right in giving the fight against German Fascism a nether-world setting and clothing his prediction of the inevitable end of all aggressors in allegory.

> But his outstanding analytical gifts will no doubt convince him that even in 1940 this poetic parable no longer adequately mirrored the historical situation and its trend of development, and that to-day it quite obviously no longer corresponds to reality. The world peace camp, with its 800 million supporters under the leadership of the Soviet Union, is not only no "jury of shadows," but possesses the very real might and power necessary to bring all war criminals to trial here and now, on this earth. What may have been understandable at the beginning of the Hitlerite war, as an expression of the insecure position of an exiled anti-Fascist writer, is bound to-day to give an impression of a relapse into doubt and weakness.

Brecht has not answered this, or taken part in any of the polemics since stirred up by his opera. But it is reported that he is planning to produce it in Munich and elsewhere, this side of the Curtain.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

The Arts and Entertainment

STRATFORD AND BRISTOL

THE first part of *Henry IV*, the second in the cycle of the historical plays which is Stratford's contribution to the Festival year, comes off much better than did *Richard II*. Indeed it is an unqualified success: swift, exciting, varied, excellently produced, and well-acted throughout. And we begin to see, too, the force of playing these four plays in a cycle with continuity of actors and production. It is, historically, a help to have the events of *Richard II* so alive in our memories, and, no less, we have to look forward to the events that are coming and trim present sails to fit future scenes. One may almost see the producer's mind ranging forwards and backwards from this point. For instance, there is a prime difficulty ahead for a present-day audience: namely the priggish dismissal of Falstaff by Prince Hal; and then, when we have swallowed that, there is a further obstacle, the Prince, with his priggishness fresh in our minds, has to be transformed into the perfect flower of chivalry in *Henry V*.

Already Mr. Quayle is working on us to put us into the state where we can accept what is to follow. His own Falstaff is never for a moment sentimentalised. It never counts on his ideal reputation, on the affection he has won in the past to insinuate himself into our sympathy. (Perhaps it is a little easier for us in our time to accept a Falstaff without sugar than it was for earlier ages. Even the eighteenth century, in the person of Dr. Johnson, had to excuse its fondness for so unmitigated a mountain of corruption, and discover a rather dubious moral to adorn his tale.) Mr. Quayle's Falstaff refuses every chance of making any claim on our sentiment. He is superbly funny and openly contemptible: we shall not in due course have more than a parting pang for the treatment of this Falstaff.

Then, to support this from the other side, the Prince Hal of Mr. Richard Burton not only keeps his distance, he emphasises it. His association with Falstaff has already in it a marked shade of affectionate contempt. Mr. Burton, by the way, is, one can see at a glance, a coming actor. He has that indefinable quality which draws the eyes of the audience exclusively towards him when he is on the stage; and this gift ("star personality") he uses with an extraordinary power for quiet command. Whether or not he will grow into a heroic actor is perhaps less certain. We shall better be able to judge after *Henry V*. His best moments here were in the comparative quiet of the first act, and he considerably diminished after the reconciliation with his father. I should suggest that, if he has ambitions in the direction of the heroic, he should begin now to put his voice into very good hands, and train it as sedulously as an opera singer.

It is true that in the second half he is up against Mr. Michael Redgrave as Hotspur, and a Mr. Redgrave at the top of his form. His Hotspur is a most vivid characterisation of the impetuous, ardent young soldier, whose words tumble over each other in their impatience to get themselves out, who is always on the edge of action, even in repose, perpetually balanced up on the balls of his feet ready for the spring, all of a straight, supple piece. A brilliant, dynamic performance. And the smaller parts all fit in perfectly. Especially, Mr. Hugh Griffiths is a portentous Owen Glendower and Mr. Alan Badel a light and pleasing Poins. I am still unreconciled to Miss Moiseiwitsch's permanent set; if it seems less fragile and extempore than it did on first viewing, it remains overfussy, a tangle of unexplained struts. The costumes are excellent. This is one of Stratford's very best all-round productions.

I saw another excellent all-round production last week The Bristol Old Vic's *St. Joan*. Shaw needs a fine all-round performance, for his smaller parts are of the first importance, and nowhere more so than in this play. The sympathy of a mainly protestant

audience is naturally with Joan, and the whole of the dramatic force of the play depends on how the other sides of the argument, the less sympathetic sides, are presented by their various champions. It was Shaw's special ability to be able to put the opposition case with as great a force and persuasiveness as his own. The words are there and the important thing for the actors is that each really believes and conveys the impression that he believes that he is absolutely right in his beliefs and justified in his actions. (As in the short term they would certainly seem to themselves to be; and only the very exceptional act on the long-term view.) The fatal thing for actors and producers is to take time off to score easy laughs.

Mr. Denis Carey, the producer at the Bristol Old Vic, is not the man to fall into this kind of error. The size of the cast of *St. Joan* makes heavy demands on the personnel of a repertory company, just as the size, in another sense, of the play, makes heavy demands on the resources of a company which gives a play every three weeks and which has just put on a most successful production of *The Cocktail Party*. But the *St. Joan* was admirably cast, and each part was played for its proper values. Of course, the very best of "all-round" performances would not satisfy in this play if the Joan herself were inadequate. Miss Pamela Alan, so far from being inadequate, is the best Joan I remember seeing. She boldly adopts a Lancashire dialect and fits to it the square gestures, the angular poses, the pert smile of the unsophisticated lower bourgeoisie. This strikingly right first impression is maintained, too, throughout the play, as she grows and develops in strength and command. Miss Alan remains completely on top of the part from start to finish. Then, in Mr. Pleasence there is a quite first rate Dauphin. It is rather easy for this part in very good hands to stand too far out of perspective for the rest of the play, to become something of a virtuoso "act." Mr. Pleasence resists temptation and keeps the part within its limits without missing a single opportunity for displaying what strikes me as an exceptional comic gift. I have only space to list Mr. Peter Coke's bland and assured Warwick, Mr. John Nevill's engaging Dunois, and Mr. Hugh Manning's excellent delivery of the Inquisitor's speech. I think I can best convey my impression of the excellence of this production by saying that I have never before been so convinced that the Epilogue is dramatically right and ideologically necessary.

T. C. WORSLEY

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

AN impressive retrospective selection of seventy works by Graham Sutherland has opened at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street. All periods of his career are covered, from the etchings of the middle Twenties down to 1950, from the gay *Mai qui fut sans nuage* to the grim *Juin poignardé*. The only regrettable gaps are the war-time commissions, but perhaps they were regarded as standing somewhat to one side of his patient development, and the Northampton *Crucifixion* itself, but perhaps this would have been too big for these rooms or it may not be allowed out of the Church. At all events, I cannot help feeling that it would have been instructive to study, within the framework of his career up to date, some examples of his inventive burnt-out paper rolls or blast furnaces: for this type of picture, we have to be content with a too well-known scene of devastation in Wales. Nothing is here to remind us of the *Crucifixion* but a small sketch, the rather feeble, experimental *Deposition* and the much finer *Weeping Magdalen* which provided early stimulants for this composition. We are presented, then, with the familiar spectacle of the free artist patronised by far-sighted intellectuals, rather than with the insufficiently appreciated situation of the artist in the service of Church and State.

On the other hand, we must be grateful to the Institute for procuring the portrait of *Somerset Maugham* (1949)—a rare opportunity which is unlikely to recur for some time, since the picture will presumably be returned to Cap Ferrat when the Exhibition closes. Considering that straight portrait painting represents a new departure for Sutherland, this is a remarkable achievement. Although not in the same class as Picasso's and Kokoschka's early portraits which will always stand out as imposing flowers in a barren border, it remains a peculiarly vivid rendering of the novelist, perched like some haggard bird too high on a flimsy stool, disturbingly hugging the picture plane, slashing at the spectator with the crease in his trousers, his "razor's edge." It is no longer possible for Sutherland to confine himself to landscape painting, now that he has discovered potentialities in the human figure; and I learn without surprise that he is at present hard at work on the features of another public personality. I believe that he must always have had portraiture at the back of his mind. The structure of the earth has never been for Sutherland far removed from the structure of the human body. No one who for fifteen years has been drawn to his vision of nature, can fail to have detected human arms and legs, stripped of skin, in the branches of his trees, human eyes peeping out of caverns, knuckles in rounded stumps, domed foreheads in hills, ribs in stratified rocks. The human form has always lurked like a ghost on his desolate Welsh hills; the wrinkles of the brow are implicit in the bark of his torn tree. This may account for his quick grasp of the elderly human jowl, where, conversely, roots of trees lurk as ghosts. But the point is, just as roots have to be gnarled, so the features of his sitters have to be rugged. It is difficult to imagine him tackling smooth, young faces, unsullied by experience, by suffering. Sutherland may be the master of decay or of the later stages of growth, but the one subject that is quite beyond him is immaturity.

Agony and age have been his uneasy companions ever since the first twisted oak; only the pain has become more intense with the passage of years and now the unfortunate tree shrieks. The phantom has grown in horror as well as in size. In the early days of the war the sensitive contour, the blot of black as of ink on a page folded, the uneven circle of rock more delicate than in life, were still his constant preoccupations. Now he has passed beyond taste. The hideousness of life is too compelling. He is drawn to insects, magnified out of recognition, to spiky forms, to thorn and palm trees, with their associations of martyrdom and aridity, fireworks that whine as they burst, and to the blinding unsubtle light of the South which until he went there he thought only existed in his own imagination. No one has cared to comment on the absence of subtlety in his recent pictures. Ugly they unquestionably are, but to dismiss them for ugliness is futile.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

SHAW'S attempt, in *Heartbreak House*, to write drama in what he conceived to be the Russian manner may not have resulted in anything much resembling Chehov but it did produce a remarkable play, a play that, with its poetic symbolism, haunts the imagination in a way that we do not normally expect of his work. The first radio production of *Heartbreak House* was, therefore, an important event. If it did not satisfy, the fault, I believe, lay fundamentally in the play itself. In one sense, of course, Shaw is always good radio: the peculiar quality of his dialogue gives him an advantage over practically all other writers for the stage proper when transferred to the air. At the same time, radio production exposes the structural defects of his plays quite mercilessly. The obvious example of this is *The Apple Cart*: the first and second acts broadcast superbly, but the interlude, ticklish enough on the stage, is impossible on the air. There, it appears as an inexplicable descent into pointless farce. The farce is less sustained in *Heartbreak House*, is sporadic only, but it still looms larger, is less acceptable, in a broadcast version than when seen on the stage simply because the appeal is to the ear alone. All the same, I think this play could be more successful as radio than it was the other evening. It was handicapped by a fatal lack of adaptation which still further underlined the structural defects. Perhaps out of misplaced piety, we were given not only the dramatic speech of the characters but all the stage directions, which meant that the drama was continually being slackened, not heightened, until one felt one was listening not so much to a play being performed as to a play-reading. As a radio play, *Heartbreak House* came to life only in the last act, in the night scene in the garden: this was beautifully played.

The Home Service just now is full of the voices of returned travellers. They make a fascinating series of contrasts. Mr. Louis Golding has been recalling his first experiences of the Mediterranean lands in a set of unashamedly nostalgic talks. He has a fine voice and he uses it to pull out all the stops of romantic prose; rightly, for he is recreating the sense of wonder, the entrancement of an undergraduate's first glimpse of Greece, the awe of a Manchester schoolboy in the Pyrenees for the first time. A delightful series of talks. Mr. Michael Barsley, on the other hand, back from the Far East after a first visit, exhibits his recordings like a returned tourist showing us the films he's made with his ciné-camera. Like the amateur's films of his holidays, Mr. Barsley's programmes have been good in parts, but parts have scarcely come out at all; perhaps the focus was wrong, or there's been an accident in the developing. Yet this scarcely matters, for as the title of the programmes, *Innocent Abroad*, suggests, Mr. Barsley is his own hero, his own fool, and he most engagingly exhibits himself as the amateur obsessed with a new toy that miraculously works, that will record the gurgle of bath-water in a Bombay hotel as efficiently as the laughter of an air-hostess at Karachi airport or a confused argument with a snake-charmer. In other words, one shares the fun Mr. Barsley has had, his delighted surprise in the first sight of exotic scenes. Mr. Julian Duguid's five talks, *Five Weeks in Pakistan*, now in mid-career, are on a different plane. His task is to report on present conditions in Pakistan. Plainly, Mr. Duguid used his time in the country to good purpose, drenching himself in its life. He conveys the feeling of a new country—new to itself as well as to the reporter—most graphically. These are talks as valuable as they are accomplished: witness, for instance, his statement of the Pakistani case on the Kashmir dispute.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Halls of Montezuma," at the Odeon

"Capt. Horatio Hornblower, R.N.," at Warner's

"Tom Brown's Schooldays," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Within the last eighteen months two films of Lewis Milestone have brought war to audiences that prefer the gangster's bullets. The grim lesson of *All Quiet on the Western Front* found a quieter corollary in *A Walk in the Sun*—quieter, but the lesson was still there; and *Halls of Montezuma* (a title that may suggest to English cinemagoers Sir Rider Haggard rather than Pacific warfare) reinforces the same exciting stoical appeal for the fighting man. The realism of this third piece, whatever its deficiencies elsewhere, is remarkable. I defy anyone to remain unmoved by the spectacle and the personal suffering and courage involved. A Jap-held island is being attacked by marines; dozens of landing-craft, with heavy naval support, circle about waiting their chance to land; the landing's easy, but after a lull snipers and a stream of rocket shells make advance almost impossible; and it takes days to lay the carpet for invasion. We follow the adventures and losses of one platoon, though with a far wider view of the battle than in the more single-minded *A Walk in the Sun*. But how well Milestone mixes the general with the particular, how well he knows men as well as movements, how incomparably he will cut, say, a leftward progress of attack in open order with interleaved shots of

COMMUNISM IN RETREAT

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men we know coming straight into us! The slotted machine-gun or the hidden sniper attend them. We watch the surveying nozzle, the patient pair of eyes, the finger waiting. *All Quiet on the Western Front* tremendously impressed upon us this one situation. Perhaps *Halls of Montezuma* does no more than repeat it but it is a tremendous, an appalling crux, and Milestone discovers always fresh rhythms, scenes, and incidents to enforce the heartbreak. Here his landscape is sub-tropical, there is the unseen Jap screaming an advice to surrender, tanks form rallying points, and the flame-thrower plays on a hillside in lurid parody of a fireman's hose. Technicolor adds a frighrful excitement to the bird's-eye view, and most skilfully it has been used, now in the gashing yellows and reds of battle, now in a soft, green sidewater where the fidelity of tint and the hush of danger mould together strangely. This, in fact, is a film that has new experiences to offer, and it seems to me that many critics have tended to rate it below its value. Against some shallownesses in psychology and sentiment must be set the triumph of Milestone's handling, the fact that he does bring home the emotional bewilderment, the mixture of despair and stoicism that is aroused in most of us by thoughts of war. Richard Widmark gives his most convincing performance for a long while as an overtaxed lieutenant, and all the other members of the platoon—with faces new to us—seem admirably and vividly in character.

No comparable moments of cinema distinguish either of the week's picturesque entertainments. *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.*, is a naval adventure in the time of the Peninsula War, with the Frenchman easily hoodwinked, and the gallant naval captain (Gregory Peck) lucky all round, in love as well as war. *He* falls in love with Wellington's sister; and immediately his wife dies. *She*, the Lady Barbara, has to marry someone else; soon, of course, he's killed off. However, Mr. Peck manages to be actively handsome, and his three-master even more so. *Tom Brown's Schooldays* strikes me as being altogether too genteelly proud of its brutalities; the beginnings of rugger, the presence of Dr. Arnold, Flashman, the singsongs, the bullyings, and the climax in the river would all be a shade uninteresting if it weren't for the authentic Rugby, well explored and well photographed. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Eton Leaving Portraits, at the Tate

No doubt the success of this Exhibition has been due less to the intrinsic merits of the Eton Leaving Portraits than to the intriguing historical circumstances in which they were painted, and to irrelevant speculations about those private faces that later were to become public, or remain private. The story is well known: of how a Headmaster, Dr. Barnard, wishing to vary the traditional custom of boys slipping him tips on leaving Eton, suggested that his most promising or most aristocratic pupils should present to the school their heads and shoulders painted by the leading portrait painters of the day. The pictures, along with a far larger collection, are preserved in the Provost's Lodge at Eton. The period during which the experiment flourished (about 1756-1868) is generally regarded as the great age of English portrait painting, but a foreigner fresh from Chardin, David, Ingres, Mengs, might well be perplexed by the claims that we are in the habit of making for our national school, with nothing but this show to go on. Except for the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who must have been the last great painter in history capable of making Etonian flashiness noble—the searchlight of Turner, as it were, trained on to the human body—there is nothing exciting in this exhibition that rises above the level, the thoroughly enjoyable level, of charm. The reason for this is not far to seek: the sitters, who may later have achieved eminence, were then undistiguished, even grubby, and are best represented as such. Some painters have been at pains to capture that arched brow, that disdainful gaze, that assumption of superiority which is only bearable because of extreme youth; but the most sympathetic portraits are of unself-conscious schoolboys with no particular axes to grind. B. N.

"The Martin's Nest," at the Westminster

Miss Joan Morgan's new play is about a lower middle-class family in the suburbs, made miserable by the ambitions of a class-conscious Mum. Her ruling passion it is to drive her children by hook or by crook up the social ladder. There are three children, and the way in which each of them is forced out of the true offers the chance for some interesting situations. The eldest boy (Alec McCowan) is a natural mechanic, but she would squeeze him into a white collar. The daughter (Yvonne Mitchell) who has a breezy vulgar boy friend in the motor business (Terence Morgan) is pushed towards the embraces of a suave and superior seducer. The youngest boy (John Charlesworth) is being driven so hard at his lessons that he is approaching a nervous breakdown. All out of love and misguided social ambition! Some good passages result; but they never knit into anything approaching a whole. Above all the character of the mother is so crudely drawn that she has, in effect, simply to play the same scenes in much the same words over and over again. Even for Miss Hermione Baddeley this is asking too much, while poor Mr. Mervyn Johns has only the ghost of a part. All this is a pity, for it will be seen that a highly talented cast has been assembled, and they act as well as, and, indeed, often very much better than, the opportunities allow them. The surprising thing is that the play, even granted its promise, could get so far when it so obviously needed very much more work done on it. T. C. W.

Bernard Buffet, at the Lefevre Gallery

This is the first London exhibition of Buffet's paintings. Although only twenty-two, he already has a considerable reputation in France—where even an artist of forty is considered young. The chief characteristic of his work is a tense austerity. Each shape is starkly thin and brittle; the colour is mostly grey and black; and the surface of the canvas is often slashed with lead pencil or ink lines. In some of the smaller still-lives of cherries, bottles and fish arranged on the rectangle of a table, tipped up to face the spectator without the complication of perspective, these effects are relatively successful, but when the subject or scale of the picture demands an emotional justification for them, they appear contrived and rather mean. This is reflected in his human attitude. One of the largest paintings is called *Le Martyr*; a man squats in a coffin, his arms crucified on a pole above him, while a woman in high-heeled shoes stands beside him with a water jug. In front of this picture one simply feels, with an objective horror, that the martyr's legs could—and perhaps should—be snapped as easily as a chicken's. Its impetus is disgust not compassion; it expresses a fascination for pain, not anger. The two best paintings of a ray and a skinned rabbit are the earliest. In these Buffet's sense of paint and real talent for drawing have not been over-intellectualised, and the implicit emotion is genuine not merely fashionable. J. B.

Algernon Newton, R.A., Muriel Pemberton, at the Leicester Galleries

These two shows afford an instructive comparison. Muriel Pemberton's paintings and monotypes are smart, tasteful, ingenious in texture and design, but, in the end, meaningless because they do not derive from any experience beyond her awareness of all that has been collected in the comprehensive museum of modern (and primitive) art. Algernon Newton, on the other hand, paints his London scenes in a style almost completely unaffected by the developments of the last hundred and fifty years. Most of his work fails because his obsession with the accuracy or even intensification of detail prevents him from discovering the subtleties of the larger issues—of the spatial arrangement in the actual scene, and of the formal arrangement in the picture itself. Yet despite this, one feels that the artist has an urgent sensibility; that he is delighted by the confectionary of blossom in a suburban avenue, fascinated by the way snow turns to slush and excited by the inevitability of the reflection in the canal or the shadow cast on the brick wall. His pictures, hardly ever containing any people or action, have a breathless stillness about them and evoke a vivid *physical* atmosphere; this is partly owing to the fact that all the *superficial* effects are convincing, while the underlying structure is not (as in a stage set), but partly to the painter's own direct intensity of feeling. And so I suggest that of the two Newton is—in the real meaning of the word—the least academic. J. B.

CORRECTION

Who Goes There ?, the comedy now running at the Vaudeville Theatre, was misreported last week as being at the Westminster.

Correspondence

LORD RUSSELL AND THE ATOM BOMB

SIR,—Through a series of accidents I have only quite lately learned of a statement about me which was made by Critic in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of November 18, 1950. In this issue Critic says of me: "After the last war, even more deeply troubled by the spread of Communism than he was by the power of Rome, which he had often denounced, he decided that it would be both good morals and good politics to start dropping bombs on Moscow." At the time when you published this statement I was in the United States of America having fierce encounters with Republican journalists for advocating a policy diametrically opposite to that which you attribute to me. I had previously conducted a campaign of public lectures, not only in the United States, but also in Australia and various Continental countries, to advocate policies which, I hoped, might prevent the need of a clash with Russia. These lectures were published at the time in the various countries in which they were delivered. Lest you should impugn my veracity I must ask you to allow me to quote various passages from them.

If a war is at all likely to have the sort of outcome that I have been suggesting, it is evidently the duty of every sane man to do what lies in his power to prevent war. To this, however, there are limits. Dreadful as a war would be, and disastrous as its consequences would prove, I, for my part, think that it would be even more dreadful and more disastrous if the Soviet system, with all its cruelty and all its obscurantism, were to extend over the whole world. I believe that a large majority of English-speaking people agree with me in so thinking. Our problem, therefore, is to avoid war without submitting. And if that should prove impossible, we must seek to be strong in defence, so as to avoid some of the worst misfortunes that war would otherwise bring. But victory should be a secondary aim: the primary aim should be the preservation of peace.

Again:—

Fanaticism on the issue of Communism is very common and very dangerous. A Communist is a fanatic if he thinks it worth while to make war in order to destroy capitalism. An anti-Communist is a fanatic if he thinks it worth while to make war in order to destroy Communism.

Again:—

What, then, can we do in the meantime? The first step—and this is one which is eminently practicable—is a clear delimitation of spheres. The Russians should not give support to French or Italian Communists; we should make no official protest when Polish patriots or Hungarian Cardinals suffer, whatever we may privately feel. Africa would have to be allotted to the West; Asia would have to be divided. It should then be solemnly agreed that any interference of either in the other's domain, whether by arms or by propaganda, should be a legitimate *casus belli*.

Again:—

Matters will not improve until there is more sense of security, at least for a few years ahead. To create such a sense, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, is the main duty of statesmen in our time. But how is this to be done? There must be a change of emphasis: we must devote ourselves to showing not how to secure victory for our side, nor how desirable our victory would be, but how disastrous to everybody on all sides a war must be. In the West, where free discussion is possible, important men, especially scientists, of all shades of political opinion, should meet together. It should be agreed that never, in their discussions, must anyone raise the question as to which system is best, the Russian or the American. What should be made clear is: First, that if there is a war, then even if one side is completely victorious (which

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is unlikely) the victors will still be worse off than if there had been no war; second, that there is no reason, except mutual suspicion, why the two kinds of regime should not exist peaceably side by side; third, that it is possible to divide the world into spheres, leaving each side free in its own sphere, but agreeing not to interfere in the other. If, in the West, men of sufficient importance and sufficient political diversity, including Communists, had agreed on such a solution, it is not irrational to hope that governments, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, would examine the proposals carefully, and would perhaps reach a basis of agreement. The alternative is disaster, not to this or that group, but to mankind.

Prosperity is generally admitted, in the West, to be the best preventive of Communist fanaticism, but no one seems to draw the conclusion that it would be a good thing if Russia were prosperous. Trade across the Iron Curtain ought to be encouraged. Everything possible should be done to turn the attention of Russians to the internal development of their own country. I admit that the Russians make these things difficult, but it is bound to take time and patience to dispel their suspicions.

During the last three years or more I have been giving almost all my time and energy to advocating these views in various parts of the world. It is, therefore, somewhat bitter to find my work impeded by statements such as yours.

I will admit that at one time I had hopes of a shorter road to general peace. At the time of the Baruch proposal for internationalising atomic energy, I thought it possible that the Russians might be induced by threats to agree to this proposal and thereby to save the world from the atomic armaments race upon which it is now embarked. But this hope proved vain. After the Berlin blockade and the rape of Czechoslovakia I stated emphatically, what I still hold, that the Russians ought to be informed that the West would not tolerate further aggressions of this sort. My statements were mis-reported and misunderstood, and men with whom I might have co-operated chose, instead, to regard me as an enemy. As you have contributed to this result, which does both public and private harm, I must ask you to correct publicly your misrepresentation of my views.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

41 Queen's Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

[We are glad to publish Lord Russell's statement, which will remove misapprehension about his views on the use of the atomic bomb, and we regret having published a comment which may have increased and perpetuated the misunderstandings to which he refers. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE SIX COUNTIES

SIR,—Mr. Mervyn Jones' article published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on March 24 under the headings "The Six Counties: Men and Jobs," calls for a reply on a number of important matters of fact:—

(1) The Northern Ireland Government is constantly seeking new industries for Londonderry which would absorb the male unemployment. Almost the first question asked of every industrial entrepreneur who proposes to establish a new production unit employing male labour is whether he will consider the location of the enterprise in Londonderry.

(2) The encouragement given by the Government to the establishment of new industries has resulted in the provision of employment which would not otherwise have been available.

(3) The writer of the article put the total unemployment figure for Northern Ireland at 33,000. Official returns show that the aggregate figure on March 12 was 27,335.

(4) 148 new undertakings and 53 expansions of existing undertakings—a total of 201—have been launched with Government assistance or co-operation since the first Industries Development Act was passed in 1932. These new plants or expansions are now employing some 24,000 workers.

(5) The Ministry of Commerce is not aware that any engineering firm has moved into the premises rendered vacant by the closure of the North of Ireland Paper Mill. There has, therefore, been no addition to the list of new industries on this score.

(6) Apart from the 201 sponsored undertakings which are still in production, only twelve undertakings which had been financially assisted by the Ministry of Commerce have closed down, representing a very low proportion of the total numbers.

(7) The Ministry of Commerce has not at any time suggested to British employers contemplating the setting up of new industries that a supply of cheap labour was amongst the attractions which Northern Ireland could offer; nor have managements ever been asked by the Ministry not to pay rates which would disrupt the traditional wage structure.

(8) The percentage of female labour employed in the new undertakings and expansions which have been started with Government assistance or co-operation is 45 per cent.

(9) There has been no complaint from rural areas or from the Ministry of Agriculture that new industries have made an excessive demand on the supply of agricultural labour. On the contrary, there is continuous pressure on the Ministry of Commerce from local authorities in provincial areas to introduce additional industries.

(10) It is not correct to suggest that the Government does not assist the basic industries. There are numerous schemes of assistance to agriculture, which is the main industry of the country. Another basic industry, namely, textiles, is also helped under a recent Statute which empowers the Ministry of Commerce to offer grants for the re-equipment and modernisation of mills and factories corresponding to those made available to the cotton industry in Great Britain.

F. M. ADAMS,
Government Publicity Officer

Stormont Castle, Belfast.

FREEDOM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

SIR,—If, as Dr. Joad suggests, "the most cogent testimony to the truth" of Paul Blanshard's attack on American Catholicism is the fact that "Catholic-dominated school boards banned the magazine from school libraries," an equally cogent testimony to the truth of Father Coughlin's attack on American Judaism is the fact that American Jews spared no effort to drive Father Coughlin from the radio. There is much to criticise both in American Catholicism and in American Judaism, but neither Paul Blanshard nor Father Coughlin are taken seriously by informed critics in America. An American non-Catholic publisher who asked me to suggest the subject for a book, which he was prepared to commission, would not even consider a reply to Paul Blanshard.

As a reader who is always interested and often outraged by your views, and as a not infrequent contributor to your columns, may I invite your co-operation in the attempt to discover what in point of fact are your principles? You were incensed when the Spanish Nationalists rose in armed revolt against a democratic and legally elected Government, but you supported against Governments no less democratically elected an armed rebellion of Asturian miners in 1934 and of Greek Communists in 1945. You denounced the Men of Munich for appeasing Hitler, but their policy has since been adopted by you so far as Russia and Red China are concerned. If Mosley were to revive *Action* and preach Fascism and anti-Semitism, would you condemn a "Jew-dominated school board" which banned the magazine from school libraries. And if not, why not? I happen to believe that both Catholics and Jews are the better for criticism, but I should be interested to discover why you consider the kind of fanatical anti-Catholicism which is the precise equivalent of Coughlin's anti-Semitism worthy of praise in your columns. You know very well that the *Tablet* would not open its columns to a favourable review of Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic publications.

I once defined a Liberal as a man who objected to the persecution of Conservatives. If that be so, the only Liberals left in this distracted world are Catholics who have consistently protested against anti-Semitism and condemned in their own ranks the opposite numbers of the Blanshards whom you approved.

ARNOLD LUNN

Switzerland.

SIR,—Professor Joad is quite able to take care of himself. It is, however, painfully obvious that Mr. J. O. Younghusband slurs over the very serious difficulty, raised by Mr. Joad and Mr. Blanshard, about the dual system of truth as practised by the Roman Church. Every Catholic must believe in the inerrancy of the Bible—the great Aquinas was as thoroughgoing a fundamentalist as the most illiterate backwoodsman in Tennessee. But the inerrancy of the Bible is quite irreconcilable with the findings of modern science in a dozen different departments.

If Mr. Younghusband will turn to p. 238 of the late Cardinal Gasparri's *Catholic Catechism*, he will find an epitome of "Divine Revelation" in which, of course, every Catholic must believe: "God called the first man Adam, and to him He gave Eve when He had formed her out of one of Adam's ribs; from these two sprang the whole human race." And there follows the usual Arabian Nights fantasia about the Earthly Paradise, the magic tree, the talking serpent, Cain and Abel, and how "God sent a flood upon the earth and in it all perished except a just man called Noe with his family, for God preserved them by putting them into the Ark, which was a large kind of ship."

Now unless a Catholic scientist keeps his science and his creed in separate watertight compartments (as Mendel and Pasteur did) this dual system of truth must lead to disingenuousness. Professor St. George Mivart, who broke away from the Church on this very question and whose brilliant defence (*Fortnightly Review*, vol. lxvii, 1900, *and XIX Century and After*, 1900), is well worth reading, sums up the matter thus: "That this bondage has not been felt more irksome by Catholics is due in part to their general ignorance with respect to the Old Testament, in part to their not being acquainted with conciliar decrees and all these involve, and finally to the way in which many of the clergy play fast and loose with these obligations, and are unwilling they should be generally known and their force correctly appreciated."

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THE BODLEY HEAD

PROFITS AND TAXES

SIR,—It is certainly refreshing to read your article in which you resist the views of those who press, with the object of mopping up excessive purchasing power, for the full impact of the rise in prices to fall on the consumer; and also to note the interest and concern which you show for the well-being of some of the low income groups—"the weakest brethren"—both as regards taxation and high prices. It is surprising that the attention of a Socialist Chancellor has to be directed to these matters, but the pressure to bring in a Budget that has so pleased the Stock Exchange must have been great indeed. Long before the publication of the *Economic Survey*, the Tory papers, the Trade Associations and "orthodox" economists had been urging the course of making the general body of consumers pay for the rearmament programme (designed to resist aggression) and at the same time insisting that to tax business any more is the very worst thing that could be done.

It is the practice of our business system to pass everything on to the consumer. The higher costs of raw material, the constantly rising "overheads" and the much increased wages bill have all been passed on. No one raises this general question, but it is not without profound economic interest that whilst business has been experiencing these greatly increased charges and passing them on to the consumer it has been making amazing profits. Now, business is seeking hard not only to pass on the cost of rearmament to the consumer but actually to have its taxation reduced. Thus, the consumer, already hit by the higher prices, must also pay more in taxation.

Two features stand out in the present situation, in which increases of prices are announced almost daily. On the one hand, business profits are soaring. In a recent period of three weeks alone, the reports of 156 public companies, which announced increased dividends, showed that their profits had increased from £59,000,000 in 1949 to £76,000,000 in 1950, an increase of £17,000,000 in one year, following great increases in previous years. On the other hand, the higher prices weigh grievously on millions of people.

But the Tory press, the business Associations, supported by their economists, insist that the general body of consumers must pay, for their expenditure can be inflationary whilst higher business profits, they say, actually relieve the inflationary pressure. They say much more. If business has to bear any more taxation, production and exports will suffer. They say this when profits are rising as shown in the above sample; when the buoyancy of business is such that companies, indifferent as to the accumulation of reserves for re-equipment, have capitalised hundreds of millions of undistributed profits in the form of free bonus shares; when their position is so strong that they can make "rights" issues, giving very acceptable benefits to shareholders; when almost every week for the past four years vast fortunes have been realised by the sale of great blocks of newly created bonus shares in the capital issues market. In the three weeks around Easter approximately 70 people realised between them about £5,000,000 in actual cash, all untaxed.

Unjust as this may seem to some minds (particularly as the great profits arise from times of national crisis, war, effects of war and fears of war, and not from the skill and special qualities of the business people) it seems still more unjust that the burden of the rising prices should be making the lives of millions almost intolerable. B. W. DALE

13 Howard Road, Coulsdon.

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—As one of the persons "aimed at" by the publishers of women's magazines I am particularly interested in the correspondence which has arisen as a result of Mr. Pitman's original article, and I think it is time a woman added her opinions to those of the men.

I am largely in agreement with Mr. Pitman's article, but do not think he goes far enough in his criticisms. He apparently has not noticed, for instance, how these magazines still foster the rigid class distinctions of an earlier age, subtly persuading women into a state of mental inertia and acceptance of their lot as grade two human beings in a man's world. This is borne out particularly by the fashion sections, but also to a marked extent in the kind of stories published. It is not true to say that Paris fashions feature in the cheaper magazines. Look into the pages of *Woman's Own* and find the "little frock" for the housemaid on Sundays. The coloured fourpennies will provide the office girl with practical dress ideas and just enough of the film-star glamour. Paris fashions, together with the truth about the White man in Africa, are found in the more expensive magazines reserved for *ladies*.

The kinds of stories printed in the various magazines are an interesting field for investigation. The more expensive magazines tend not to print the soporific love story about the young lady of leisure or the professional man's girl-friend who flourish so lush in the cheaper mag. Instead there may appear what passes for an erudite but human insight into the mind of the "char," wherein we learn that this simple woman would never have chosen any other life or career. In all classes of magazine trips to such countries as India and Africa seem popular. In the cheaper ones, the White people always appear to be comfortably protected by faithful retinues of kindly "natives" who hover in the background with cups of tea. It is only the *ladies* who are permitted to learn the truth by reading such sentences as: "The Natives here seemed more moronic than ever", or: "My husband was sometimes thankful that he was capable of exercising a little brute force (on the Natives)."

I agree with Mr. Pitman that not enough attention is paid to social issues. I agree that for this, as well as the other points which have come out in the course of the correspondence on this subject the blame must obviously rest squarely and fairly on the shoulders of the managements. Moreover, I am convinced that their policy as regards women's magazines is deliberate and calculated. We must not forget that these same managements are in many cases responsible for the publication of cheap "murders," sexy magazines for men and the so-called "comics." They are fully aware of the power they wield in the development of the taste and intelligence of the public, and they use that power advisedly. Can we wonder that crime—particularly juvenile crime—is on the increase when both father and mother go to work (one of the social problems kept dark by the magazines) and in their spare time read escapist trash if they read at all, while the children are left to their own devices—and "comics." JOAN MUNDS

19a Wetherby Gardens, S.W.3.

JOHN WESLEY

SIR,—In Mr. R. H. S. Crossman's assessment of the Oxford Group Movement, entitled "God's Executives," in your issue of April 14 there occurs a statement which should not pass unchallenged. "Never," writes Mr. Crossman, "has 'Guidance' led Dr. Buchman to challenge the social order or to crusade for the underdog. In this, his career resembles that of John Wesley."

With the first part of the statement I am in agreement, but no one surely acquainted with Wesley's life and work could fall into the error of regarding the founder of Methodism as a man who had no interest in the material needs of man, and particularly those of the unprivileged. His concern for social welfare is expressed again and again both in his writings and actions. He was a pioneer in many social activities, organising relief, caring for orphans, founding schools, popularising knowledge in cheap books, setting up dispensaries for the sick and engaging in kindred acts of mercy. He vigorously attacked slavery, war and political corruption. Further, he recognised that political and social action was a Christian vocation. "Unless God has raised you up for this very thing," he wrote to William Wilberforce, when he was greatly depressed about the prospects for the abolition of the slave trade, in the last letter he ever penned, "you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils."

If Wesley did not, in common, it may be said, with most of his contemporaries, see as clearly as we do now the roots of our economic ills, he was profoundly dissatisfied with the distribution of wealth in his day, and utterly opposed to class distinctions. Undoubtedly, in setting before the people of England a new conception of goodness, a new standard of honesty and a new concern for the welfare of their fellows, Wesley created a climate favourable for the social reforms of succeeding years. In short, as Trevelyan in his English Social History has pointed out, "The coincidence in time of Wesley and the Industrial Revolution had profound effects upon England for generations to come." J. M. NEILSON

Edinburgh Methodist Mission, Tollcross.

KILLING A SCHOOL

SIR,—The short answer to Mr. Wechsler's question is—Yes. The Governors of the Hackney Downs School had their attention drawn to all the relevant Sections of the Education Act, 1944, including Section 9(2) as well as 85(3). It was the ambiguity of the latter, as Mr. Wechsler well knows, which led, at the suggestion of the Ministry, to the necessity for regularising the *de facto* status of the school by an application under section 13(1)(b).

Hackney Downs School. BERNARD HOMA,
Chairman of Governors

"ALTER EGO"

SIR,—Your last issue contained an article on television signed by my beloved friend—I might say my *alter ego*—Roger Marvell. This astonished me, knowing of his bigoted prejudice against this form of entertainment. Besides, I killed him two or three years ago. And none too soon. For he was brought into existence in order to sign reviews of painting, before Mr. Roger Manvell with an *n* became known as a critic of the cinema. To him I owe an apology for having inadvertently taken a *nom de guerre* liable to be confused with his real name. This is what must have happened in your last issue. It was kind of your printers to remember their old and often fussy friend, but now he must be consigned to a merited oblivion. RAYMOND MORTIMER

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Books in General

MONSIGNOR RONALD KNOX is the Proteus of modern letters. His literary life has been so varied that it resembles that of some figure of Renaissance learning. At Eton he was famous for turning English poetry into Greek iambics, at Oxford he pioneered the conjectural criticism of Sherlock Holmes. Later, in the Twenties and Thirties, he wrote detective stories. When that tepidly hesitant work of Anglican theology, *Foundations,* appeared, it was R. A. Knox who levelled the structure in a broadside entitled *Some Loose Stones.* Since then, in the midst of a stream of professional works—sermons, devotional studies, books on literature and the atom bomb—he has mapped and analysed Barsetshire and found time to write some of the best parodies in the language. The man who in youth deduced by means of cipher that Queen Victoria wrote *In Memoriam* and in his sixties has translated the Vulgate, falls into few known literary categories. Though the scale is very different, in his transition from *esprit gaillard* to great humanist Mgr. Knox bears an odd resemblance to Erasmus.

But, as if all this were not enough, for the last thirty years Mgr. Knox has been writing yet another book—The Book, as he calls it. He tells us in an introductory note :

> There is a kind of book about which you may say, almost without exaggeration, that it is the whole of a man's literary life, the unique child of his thought. Other things he may have published on this or that occasion . . . but it was all beside the mark. The Book was what mattered—he had lived with it all these years, fondled it in his waking thoughts, used it as an escape from anxiety, a solace in long journeys, in tedious conversations. . . . The Book haunted his day-dreams like a guilty romance.

Such a book is *Enthusiasm,** " a chapter in the history of religion with special reference to the xvii and xviii centuries." The thesis, developed in a handsomely indexed and documented volume of 600 pages, is best expressed in the author's own words :

> There is . . . a recurrent situation in Church history—using the word "church" in its widest sense—where an excess of charity threatens unity. You have a clique, an élite of Christian men and (more importantly) women, who are trying to live a less worldly life than their neighbours : to be more attentive to the guidance (directly felt, they would tell you) of the Holy Spirit. More and more, by a kind of fatality, you see them draw apart from their co-religionists, a hive ready to swarm. . . . The pattern is always repeating itself, not in outline merely but in detail. Almost always the enthusiastic movement is denounced as an innovation yet claims to be preserving, or to be restoring, the primitive discipline of the Church.

Having so described enthusiasm, the author pursues his definition, from its source in Pauline Corinth to such latter-day saints as the Agapemones and the Shakers. The result is a rare achievement of scholarship and urbane writing, admirable in its historical sweep and proportions, absorbing in its connected narratives, and brilliant in its incidental conclusions. It is at once a book for the theologian, the psychologist and the common reader. This is an age of *bien pensants* when so much of doubtful value is being written about the revival of religious values, Christian humanism, the scholastic philosophy, and so on, that the good secularist must be eternally on guard. Conversely, there is all the more reason to salute a really great work of Christian humanism when it appears. *Enthusiasm* presents such an occasion. Its literary qualities apart, the reader who embarks on this book is soon aware of the spirit of ample charity (using that word in its older and better sense) that informs every page of it. One can see how a study of this kind might so easily—especially in the hands of such an expert mocker—have become merely a witty primer of heresy, an erudite, controversial, apologia for " *Ut Christiani ita et Romani sitis.*" Instead, *Enthusiasm* ranks as a classic description of religious experience, taking its place beside the works of William James, von Hügel and Evelyn Underhill.

Mgr. Knox has press-ganged nineteen centuries of Christian history to fit out his ship of holy fools. Beginning with St. Paul's remarks to the Corinthians concerning the *Agape* and that shady heresiarch, Apollos, we pass, via the Montanists (prophetic and hysterical, from Phrygia) and the Donatists (puritanical and sadistic, from Africa) to the vast underworld of medieval heresy. Here the stream of names becomes as sonorously bewildering as Homer's catalogue of ships. There are the Cathars, the Paterini, the Humiliati, Poor Men of Lyons, Bogomils, Piphles, Jovinians, Publicans, Turlupins, Stradingues, Petrobrussians, Henricians, Boni Homines, Communelli, Gundulfians, etc. Some of them were holy, most of them were irascible and they were all violently denominational.

With a feeling of relief we plunge into the clear-cut excesses of the Anabaptists. Here the cloven hoof of Rome obtrudes itself faintly, the author skilfully allowing the Reformers and the men of Munster to fight it out among themselves, while leaving Luther to the tender mercies of Dr. Rufus Jones. Mgr. Knox seeks to persuade us that, whereas the Anabaptists had a kind of debased and outrageous mysticism, the great Reformers

> were not . . . men of this calibre ; they were pundits, men of the new learning ; they could appeal to no authority but what might have been claimed equally well by Wescott and Hort. Luther's Protestantism, for the purpose of the enthusiast, was stillborn.

A chapter on the Quakers, containing a fine assessment of George Fox, marks the watershed dividing the earlier, expository section of the book from the longer, more elaborate studies of Jansenism, Quietism and the Methodists. Mgr. Knox's account of the first is pure *divertissement,* a wicked and selective précis of Sainte-Beuve and the Abbé Bremond. While paying full and fair-minded tribute to its virtues, he notes the litigiousness, the cliqueishness, the deep-seated spiritual complacency of Port-Royal—all those defects that led Anne of Austria to shock the seventeenth century with her exclamation, " *fi, fi, fi, de la grâce.*" As he says, the atmosphere of Port-Royal was " Little Gidding reduced *ad absurdum* . . . an indefinable spirit of 'here's tae us and wha's like us?' dominates their interminable biographies of one another." While entering a doubtful plea for the Jesuits (" what we tend to forget is that they were fighting for their lives ") he is inclined to pooh-pooh the Church's treatment of Port-Royal, discounting nineteenth-century indignation on the grounds that " the persecution of Jansenism was something of a drawing-room persecution."

As for the movement's theological aberrations, Mgr. Knox has no difficulty in pointing out the false historical assumptions underlying the idea of a " Primitive Church." Again, dealing with Pascal, he emphasises his lopsided view of atonement—" the figure of the Redeemer so fills the canvas, as to obscure all thought of God in his eternal attributes." As so many apologists have discovered, the *Pensées* may well become a two-edged sword in the hands of a potential convert.

The chapters on Quietism are both the most difficult and the most rewarding in the book. Mgr. Knox sketches the great devotional battle of the seventeenth century, typified in the conflicting personalities of Fenélon and Bossuet and exemplified in the rival claims of the meditative and contemplative systems of prayer. For Bremond, the first was " anthropocentric," the latter " theocentric." He preferred the latter. Mgr. Knox attempts to redress the balance by contracting out of theology and putting the Ignatian system in its period context. " The age," he tells us, " which originally followed the counter-Reformation was, on the whole, an age of introverts . . . caught up in observation of its own mental processes, haunted by the scruples which introspection breeds, it demanded, hardly less than our own, a method of devotion which should turn introverts into extroverts." That terrible self-consciousness ! Once again, Descartes and Montaigne are to blame. It is strange to find our old friend, the *trahison des clercs,* suddenly turning up as an incidental villain of the piece in Mgr. Knox's chastely unpropagandist pages.

From the heights (and depths) of Madame Guyon and Molinos, the reader wades into the eccentricities of the Camisards. Here all is glossolaly and " dreadful tremblings " typified by Marion Lefage's " *Mon enfant, je m'en vais répandre sur mes enemis mes jugements terribles, et ma dernière sentence sera, Tring trang, swing swang, hing hang.*" If the Camisards were holy surrealists, the methods of the Convulsionaries of Saint-Medard might be described as religious infantilism. Installed in their Parisian cemetery they played with dolls, wheeled toy carts to and fro, and discussed the War of the Beast, while M. Fontaine whirled round and round on the ball of his foot twice daily, reading aloud the right volumes of Quesnel's *Moral Reflexions on the New Testament.*

The Moravian colony at Bethelsdorf was even stranger, though less sensational. Never was that " ideal church which is the recurrent dream of enthusiasm " more oddly realised than in the *ecclesiola* of spiritual D.P.s established in Count Zinzendorff's park in Saxony. Ruled by a set of rigid, Bismarckian " Manorial

* *Enthusiasm.* By R. A. Knox. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s.*

Injunctions and Prohibitions," the Count's dependants gave rein to their devotional imaginations. Cumbered with mawkish and Teutonic diminutives—the Lambkin and his little wound-parsons, " the dearest little opening of the sacred, precious and thousand times beautiful little side "—the founder's dream of united Christendom fades into a dying sect and a reputation for neighbourly piety.

So at last we reach Wesley. Mgr. Knox gives us a full-scale profile of the man, a wonderful study in psychological contradictions. Behind the Romney portrait, with its powerful jaw, rugged but generous smile and eyes " hooded like a hawk's," behind the tireless preacher and organiser, the indefatigable publicist of Salvation bent on establishing the theocracy of the middle classes, there lies a mystic *manqué* whom history cast for the role of " arch-enemy of the mystics." " Wesley over the Moravians, like Bossuet over the Quietists, is the apostle of common sense."

In their different ways, Wesley and Bossuet both faced the same problem. Mgr. Knox puts it in the language of the schools, calling it " the revolt of Platonism against the Aristotelian *mise-en-scène* of traditional Christianity." (Others might prefer to substitute Apollonian and Dionysian.) As for traditional Christianity, " it is a balance of doctrines, and not only of doctrines but of emphases." Disturb the balance and you get aberrations: Segnarelli the Apostolic dressing himself in swaddling clothes to honour Christ's infancy; the Anabaptists running unclothed through the streets of Amsterdam proclaiming " We are the *naked truth* "; the Quakers, discarding historical revelation " grounded on the report of Christ dying at Jerusalem," the " Shriekings, Roarings, Groanings, Gnashings " of the Methodists at Bristol; the Agapemones, living out of time and existing in " the flow of love," playing billiards through the long Sunday afternoons in a Somersetshire country house. To the orthodox Christian, the moral is clear enough. The non-Christian's reaction will depend on temperament, according to whether he views Mgr. Knox's spiritual panorama ironically, as witnessing to the spirit of man, ever *ondoyant et divers*, or sombrely, as part of humanity's quest of the City of God, testifying to that " pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, that is the experience of her children in every time."

JOHN RAYMOND

THE HERALDIC IMAGES

It was an easy thing to call up the heraldic images,
And to speak of restoring David's House and Tower;
It was an easy thing to love a fawn in the morning
Nor remember the evening that would drink its blood;
Or should he who prayed in the noonday beneath the minarets
Not play in the delicious moon of a favourite's chamber!
It was an easy thing to believe in miracles and propitious signs;
But now the tents of prosperity are shaken,
Now William Blake looks at us with all the eyes of Asia,
And it is not so; we are accused and silenced.

EWART MILNE

KNOW THINE ENEMY

Russia by Daylight. EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Zero. ROBERT PAYNE. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Invitation to Moscow. Z. STYPULKOWSKI. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*

The main task of a free society is to civilise the struggle for power. Slavery of the acquiescent majority to the ruthless few is the hereditary state of mankind; freedom, a (rarely) acquired characteristic. It is not power itself, but the legitimation of the lust for power, which corrupts absolutely. So the rulers of the free society must be rendered impotent to indulge their natural instincts by an elaborate system of social indoctrination. The Western tradition has fashioned a breed of political eunuchs, parliamentarians whose aim is no longer to destroy their opponents but to defeat them in argument, no longer to enslave the masses but to serve them responsibly. Democracy of this kind is as unnatural as a well-kept flower bed: totalitarianism as natural as the jungle of weeds and suckers which overrun our garden when we leave it untended for a single season.

How, then, can a free society co-exist with a totalitarian Leviathan? How, except in the Kingdom of God, can the lamb lie down with the wolf? This is the problem with which, each in its own way, these three books grapple. "Know Thine Enemy," says Mr. Crankshaw at the beginning of his study of the Soviet Union. Know him, not as a thug or a gangster (how easy it would be to "deal" with Stalin if he were of the same quality as Mr. Costello!), nor yet as the exponent of Marxist philosophy, but as a Russian who is using the ideas and techniques of Western civilisation in order to destroy it. Mr. Crankshaw is one of the few experts on Communism who can speak Russian and has lived in Russia. Like Mr. Deutscher, author of the classical biography of Stalin, he denies that the Kremlin's motives are rational, in our democratic sense of the word, or even in any sense which Karl Marx would have recognised. We cannot understand Russian policy without studying the writings of Marx and Lenin, but we shall go wildly wrong if we assume that these sacred books are the real motive of Stalin's domestic and foreign policy. As absurd for a Marxist to accept the theological self-justification of Henry VIII or Cromwell as the explanation of their actions. In Russia Leninism has replaced the divine right of Kings as the legitimation of the rule of terror. It is the Procrustean bed into which rational self-interest must be jammed, the mythology which prevents any objective appreciation by the Politburo of the realities which it faces. If, in the Western democracies, our feeling for power politics has been blunted, we can, without treason to our cause, seek an intellectual understanding of the enemy. Stalin dare not do so. Even to understand the West he must deny the justification for his whole system. Hence the purge in Eastern Europe of every Communist tainted by participation in the Spanish war or by residence in Western Europe.

Russia by Daylight attacks the illusion, shared by the extreme Right and the fellow-travellers, that Russian policy is the systematic unfolding of a Communist plan. If the classless society is ever achieved, it will not be in the Soviet Union or its satellites. Communism, therefore, is not the enemy we are fighting, and those who believe that it is are victims of Russian propaganda. Mr. Crankshaw sustains this argument by an analysis of Russian policy in Germany and Yugoslavia, as well as by more speculative chapters on the internal situation in the Soviet Union. Stalinism, he shows, is a myth which cloaks a Russian dictatorship and a Russian imperialism, as Nazism was a myth which cloaked a very different German dictatorship and German imperialism. *Russia By Daylight* is a provocative, valuable book: it would have been even more valuable if Mr. Crankshaw had not sought a facetious popularity. He sinks far below his level when he writes: "Lenin thought he was as international as a *wagon-lit*," and perorates:

> The general thesis of this book, it may already be suspected, is that Stalin and his friends are not, to put it vulgarly, all they are cracked up to be, and that Soviet Russia, even if she has not feet of clay (plaster of Paris, perhaps?) has, to put it politely, her fair share of those internal contradictions in which Karl Marx, with the light of battle in his eyes, saw the downfall of organized societies.

I do not know which I dislike more, the politeness or the vulgarity.

Mr. Payne's restless, exciting mind has settled, rather hurriedly, on the same subject. *Zero* is also a study of the irrational element in totalitarianism. It starts brilliantly with a chapter on Nechayev, a pupil of Bakhunin, who terrified his poor old master by living according to the principles of Nihilism and practising it with appalling diligence against his fellow revolutionaries. Then, taking the conspirators of Dostoievsky's *The Possessed* as archetypes, Mr. Payne shows the Nihilist strain in both Nazism and Bolshevism. In Germany and Russia, death and destruction became, he argues, insane ends in themselves. In the organisation of slave labour camps, for instance, they are pursued as objectives, even when they impede the dictator's interests and weaken his power. The real enemy of Western civilisation, therefore, is the Nihilist attempt to manifest power in the highest degree by destroying human personality. Unfortunately, Mr. Payne has inflated a first-rate essay into a book, by expounding a pretentious theory that Nihilism occurs where cultures mix, and supporting it with a number of far-fetched historical parallels. Still, *Zero* is thoroughly worth reading, if only because Mr. Payne understands that we cannot know our enemy so long as we delude ourselves that he shares our ends and only his means are misguided.

This understanding he shares with Mr. Stypulkowski. I have as little sympathy with the politics of the Polish party to which the author of *Invitation to Moscow* belongs as I have with his religious creed. As the first half of his book makes clear, he is a reactionary, with a social philosophy and a brand of Polish nationalism which no Western Socialist can accept. Yet, in reading *Invitation to Moscow*, one realises that reactionary Poland was civilised, compared with either Nazi Germany or the Soviet Union; and, when Mr. Stypulkowski, along with fifteen other leaders of the Polish Resistance, was invited to lunch with Marshal Zhukov in March, 1945, only to find himself a prisoner of the N.K.V.D. in Moscow, he stood his trial as the lonely champion of Western humanity. In the second half of this book he describes in precise detail, first, the investigation to which he was submitted in the Lubianka prison, and then the trial. According to his Russian prosecutor, he was the first prisoner to plead Not Guilty in a Moscow court and, by sheer moral force, he won through. The record of this experience is one of the most remarkable documents I have ever read. It is the story of how one isolated, sleepless, hungry human being defeated a huge machine, designed with the express purpose of destroying human personality. The aim of the N.K.V.D. was to substitute a slave will for a free spirit, and the fact that the interrogators in the prison denied themselves the short cut of physical torture makes their technique all the more inhuman. The Nazis, reverting to barbarism, broke the bodies of their victims: the Bolsheviks, with infinitely greater refinement, merely weaken the body in order to expose the soul to more exquisite torture. Mr. Stypulkowski survived to describe the whole process in a book which makes Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* sound like a clever pastiche. This, you feel, when you turn back to read the record over again, this is the enemy. Not the Russian people, not the Red Army, not Communism, but the Leviathan whose aim is the destruction of the free will and the creation of the automaton.

Read together, these three books fulfil Aristotle's canon: they purge the soul through pity and fear. They also purge the mind of neutralist clichés. What nonsense it is to talk of

Socialist Britain as equidistant between the Communist and Capitalist blocs, or to suggest that the U.S.A., with all its faults, presents a danger to civilisation comparable with that of the Soviet Union. There is all the difference in the world between a dangerous friend and an evil enemy.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A MATTER OF MINORITY

Irish Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by GEOFFREY TAYLOR. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Geoffrey Taylor took me to meet John Betjeman, whom we found walking in the cool of the Dublin evening in a country garden, among curtains of overgrown spinach. The talk turned on some major (ranking) finds they had made in minor nineteenth-century poetry. And I was soon left hopelessly behind as the two of them hared-off across the fields of verse and disappeared into a thicket of private imprints and first impressions. Occasionally, as when the 1859 volume of *Good Words* was mentioned, I picked up the scent; for that was one of the leashed and dog-eared tracks of my puppy Sundays.

In letters, as in life, there must be many who prefer the bypaths to the major roads. Mr. Taylor is one of the best-informed contemporary writers on poetry, and his knowledge of minor English verse is equalled only by his love of it. If his "finds" are infrequent, and the delight taken in them therefore enlarged (like drinking dewdrops out of a magnifying glass), yet his judgment remains sound: his selection of Irish poets of the nineteenth century could not be bettered, nor his introduction more balanced. Of course—and here bias properly weighs the scales of justice—it is a selection of minor poets, for at the one end Mr. Taylor excludes Tom Moore as belonging to the eighteenth century, and at the other he excludes Yeats, as belonging to the twentieth: and between these there are no grey eminences or large estates of poetry, but only the small gardens of lyric and the commons of blank verse.

Largely it is romantic poetry, and in bulk it is serious. One could search a long time in this nineteenth-century haystack before finding a needle of eighteenth-century wit; perhaps a growing and hardly emancipated people could not afford it. Ireland in the early nineteenth century (and time is at least twenty-five years later there than in England) had a population five times greater than it had a century before. But not five times happier: it was an Ireland whose reading consisted of speeches from the dock. How funereal its love-lyrics could be; they are the loves of losers and exiles. How readily the figure of the sweetheart is transfigured into the dark Mother-country of Sorrows. How much, as James Joyce remarked of Mangan, the Irish poet was in love with death, crushed under the load of history. Robert Lynd told me that he heard the election speech of the first Sinn Fein candidate in Ireland. The speaker gave an impassioned address. "Go on, you boy you!" shouted an admiring man in the audience, "You've a neck for the gallows!" It was the highest compliment that one Irishman could pay to another.

Out of its distress Ireland made poetry. "Tell," wrote Mangan, about himself—

> Tell how trampled, derided, hated,
> And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong
> He fled for shelter to God, who mated
> His soul with song—
>
> With song which alway, sublime, or vapid,
> Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
> Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
> A mountain stream.

"Out of the quarrel with ourselves," said Yeats, "we make poetry: out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric." Out of its woes, private and public, nineteenth-century Ireland made rhetorical poetry, verse that is rapid and impassioned, if never deep. Even its dirges are rhythmically rapid and irreverently rushed, as if the poet were crowding-on all sails and making for the urgent West.

> The sun upon Ivera
> No longer shines brightly
> The voice of her music
> No longer is sprightly,
> No more to her maidens
> The light dance is dear
> Since the death of our darling
> O'Sullivan Bear.

A mountain stream, indeed: and Mr. Taylor notes in passing that in Irish Verse there is nothing at all comparable to the great placid reservoir of Natural History which is so remarkable a feature of the landscape of English poetry. It is true that, here and there, one comes upon little limpid pools of natural observation and reflection, as in Allingham's *Mill*—

> Two leaps the water from its race
> Made to the brook below
> The first leap it was curving glass
> The second bounding snow.

Or Irwin's description of the evening swan, who—

> Watching herself, delighted goes
> Amid the shadow of her snows.

But for the most part these nineteenth-century Irish poets are not Nature poets; they hardly stop to watch or to reflect. They seldom dwell on a word for its own sake, but rush passionately through the phrase, up the airy mountain of rhetoric or down the rushy glen of emotion: and if ever they stop to lock the stable door when horse-sense has gone, it is merely to ensure that it will not return. It is this racy, Celtic note—conveyed, as Mr. Taylor points out, into English verse for the first time—which distinguishes so many of these nineteenth-century poems. For myself I tend to think of poetry as being either *vertical* or *horizontal*. The vertical poet has a hawk's eye for the object; his unit is the word; he hovers over it devotedly and devouringly: and the result is descriptive poetry. The horizontal poet is concerned with the subject; his unit is the phrase or sentence through which he sweeps with a swallow-swoop of rapture and abandon: and the result is dramatic or rhetorical poetry. (It is only a superlative poet, a Shakespeare, who can hawk and swallow at the same time.) Certainly in this selection of nineteenth-century verse I can find no four lines which, for verticality and down-to-earthness, are as nicely descriptive as those written on a snowy day in the twentieth century by a North of Ireland country schoolboy—

> No rainbow now will yawn the sky,
> Nor the sun the windows burn,
> But the little puffs of wadding owl by,
> And people mouth their fists and mourn.

This new volume of the Muses' Library is a pleasing and purring production: it arches its back like a cat. And if only for the last poem in the book—*The Magazine Fort, Phœnix Park, Dublin*—I should be glad to own it:

> Inside its zig-zag lines the little camp is asleep
> Embalm'd in the infinite breath of the greensward,
> the river, the stars.
> Round the staff, the yellow leopards of England,
> weary of wars,
> Curl and uncurl, to the murmurous voice of the
> greenwood deep. . . .

William Wilkins, the author of this poem, was headmaster of the Dublin school at which the young W. B. Yeats was a scholar. "I remember," said one of his schoolfellows to me, "sitting opposite the two of them when they were talking, and noticing the smile on Wilkins's face when Yeats was talking. He didn't take Yeats seriously. And he used to call him 'the flighty poet.'" It is difficult to remove the minor mote from an author's eye unless one first removes the major beam from one's own.

W. R. RODGERS

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Anger at Innocence. By WILLIAM GARDNER SMITH. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Returning after an absence to the reviewing of novels, one is struck once again by the ambiguity of their nature. Disguised in poster-like jackets, advertised as though they were detergents, they are, as a class, astonishingly uncommercial. Writing novels is in fact largely an amateur occupation; very few people live by it. Free from the box office preoccupation of films and the official scrupulousness of the B.B.C., novelists discharge the bile of the office, the dish-washing, and the sums they do on the backs of bills, by spitting in the eye of the public. They are notably ready to insult anything which they think their readers may hold dear—the Catholic Church, the Welfare State, the Chastity of Southern Womanhood, or the Martyred Dead.

"Integrity" is in fact the most commonplace of virtues in the contemporary novel, and it is the common quality of the four novels under review, which all—irrespective of merit—defy the libraries by being either sad or nasty. *Ever Thine* is sad. A very long book with a setting of Edwardian gracious living, it is chock-full of library-appeal, which is however vitiated by a kind of chaste lugubriousness which makes the novel impossible to recommend as cheerful reading. Its theme is love and disillusionment. Told in the first person by the disillusioned lover, Braythwaite, ("It was not until I had known her for about 12 years that Victoire called me by my Christian name in company"), it slowly unrolls the story of a possessive woman's spiritual destruction of her adopted children, of her husband, and of her admirer's devotion. The unrolling is slow enough to admit of many appearances by members of the Haverford clan into which the heroine has married; of eccentric aristocrats—native and Russian—who are parents of boys at the fashionable prep-school which our particular Haverfords run; of the boys themselves, of servants, villagers, and others. As readers

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of *Long Division* will remember, Miss Chapman is a novelist who is capable of arriving with a bang, but in *Ever Thine* the detonation is muffled in a quilt of words. The author's talent seems to have got bogged down in a kind of Galsworthian immensity. The effects seem calculated; the eccentricities of character have an air of arrangement; spontaneity is lacking. With all its merits of writing, of perceptiveness and of comedy, *Ever Thine* is a novel that doesn't pull its weight.

If Miss Chapman's novel is sad, the other three are nasty. Miss Pollet's subject is a New England family, made up of a father who is a composer, a mother who is an invalid, two more-or-less adult daughters, and a little boy. The writing has a quality which it is perhaps unfair to call *faux-naïf*, but which is certainly sometimes irritating as well as being sometimes impressive. The author's more restrained effects are good. The younger daughter, aged seventeen, has a young man who comes a long way, at great inconvenience, to see her; she is perhaps in love with him; and her reaction of sulky, bored, embarrassed annoyance is engagingly real. But Miss Pollet gets her characters into a sad mess of attempted incest, sudden death and tragic remorse which is quite beyond the range of a talent which strikes one as being immature and uncertain.

Meg, also a first novel, has quite a lot in common with *A Family Romance*. They are neither of them a "woman's novel" in the sense that *Ever Thine* is a woman's novel; but they are both resolutely un-masculine, and also resolute in avoiding concessions to popular appeal. Meg is a little rich girl—Old New York—who avoids the poverty of her condition by going off to play with unsuitable boys and girls on the waterfront. Thereby she loses her virginity—very nasty indeed, this—but doesn't acquire the ability to grow up into a nice sub-deb. Some of this is good and rings true. But Miss Keogh suffers from the same defect as Miss Pollet. Not satisfied with the unusual, she has to go for the downright queer. Meg, poor girl, is given an obsession about lions, and the climax of her entering a lion's cage at the circus—acceptable in itself, perhaps, as the realisation of a child's day-dream—becomes incredible because it is invested with a "significance" which looks a little bit like muslin ectoplasm.

Mr. Smith's book is a readable but rather dreary account of a love affair between a bad girl and a good man in Philadelphia. The love of Ted and Rodina is "innocent" in that it is not self-regarding, and so, because people can't stand this, it is doomed. Personal life, once again, is complex, mysterious and cruel. Fathers' love for their daughters is not pure; little girls have obsessions about lions; the path of true love, in Philadelphia, is just the same as it is any place else. What we are hearing, perhaps, is the last reverberation of the anti-Pollyanna note in the American novel, the voice undoing the folded lie of the glossy magazines. Now that the swimming-pool merchants of California have gone over to making atomic shelters it is curiously dated.

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The Villa Diana. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The rhythm of Italian existence has long possessed a fascination for the English. Who, in a northern drizzle, if they know Italy, can keep back the tears at the thought of: "Kennst du das land"? And now, since the war, Italy assumes a new significance for us. It is the only country left in Western Europe, where an Englishman who is neither an insensible booby nor a millionaire, can feel relatively at ease. Here, the poverty is less heart-breaking and less obvious than in Spain, here there is little of that cynical despair which bores and embarrasses the visitor to France, here they do not remind us, as we are ceaselessly reminded in Belgium, that sterling is now a debased, unreliable currency.

We might have expected then a spate of books by English expatriates on life in post-Fascist Italy. Mr. Moorehead's *The Villa Diana* is, however, one of the earliest to appear, the first trickle of a spring which dried up when Lawrence and Huxley deserted Italy, and Norman Douglas ceased to publish. After the comparative promise of *The Rage Of The Vulture*, Mr. Moorehead seemed reasonably well equipped to give us a sympathetic account of life up at Fiesole, even though we might not expect another *Old Calabria* or *Sea and Sardina*. Unfortunately *The Villa Diana* is a product successfully designed for one market, and now offered for sale in an entirely different one. Of the eight articles which make up Mr. Moorehead's new book, six have appeared at various times during the last few years in the smooth pages of the *New Yorker*. Except in the hands of Thurber, the style which the *New Yorker* expects of its contributors will hardly bear transplanting. The dauntless gaiety, the knowingness with which Mr. Moorehead, rightly no doubt, decorated these pieces for their original appearance tend slightly to annoy in a republished form.

Mr. Moorehead is a shrewd and genial observer; to the ephemeral article his eye is no doubt exactly suited; it takes in the essentials, even those which are not immediately obvious; and it never lingers long enough to impose the duty of deep thought. The strikes that followed Togaliatti's attempted assassination, Marshall Aid lavatories in a renascent Monte Cassino, the Americanisation of Rome in Holy Year, the violences of the Sicilian bandit, Giuliano: all are smoothly set down; and the ultimate effect is as of picking up an elderly periodical in a dentist's waiting-room.

Perhaps, it is the slight suspicion of abasement in Mr. Moorehead's approach to his American public: perhaps it is an attitude of superiority which vaguely recalls those intolerable essays of Thackeray's on Paris. But within the first few pages, the capital of one's goodwill is dangerously exhausted. If he could write for an Italian magazine a *rapportage* as good-humoured, as subtly patronising of America under Truman, our capital would no doubt be miraculously re-created. As it is, I cannot see what purpose is served by reprinting paragraphs like this one:

> Co-incidentally with this, the movies, more particularly American movies, have gripped Rome with a passion that can hardly have been seen since the days of the chariot races and the circuses in the Coliseum. In the centre of the city every other street flames with advertisements. Visiting stars like Orson Welles and Tyrone Power who have been around for a year or two are referred to in the newspapers as simply "Ty" and "Orson." Frantic crowds gather round them if they appear in the pavement restaurants, even late at night.

Mr. Moorehead is obviously on the side of the angels, obviously efficient, obviously well-intentioned. And in his last essay, a study of Politian, who once lived in the Villa Diana, he has tried to achieve something of permanent value. Unfortunately, Politian, like Wilde, was one of those characters whose impact is almost entirely spent on its own generation. It would need a long holiday from the dentist's waiting-room, a long training in literary first aid before one could hope to bring to life the exhausted and slightly pretentious skeleton which is all of Politian that had come down to us.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

BELLOC

Hilaire Belloc: An Anthology of His Prose and Verse. Selected by W. N. ROUGHEAD. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Mr. Roughead is a hero-worshipper the stature of whose hero is never in doubt: Mr. Belloc is "the greatest prose writer of our time." But prose does not exist in a void; there is not one kind of prose but many; and faced with the implicit challenge in Mr. Roughead's statement, we may well murmur "Greatest for what purpose?" Not, plainly, for Shaw the dramatist's, Forster or Lawrence the novelist's, Russell or Santayana the philosopher's. The question may be put in another way. The text of a book, Mr. Belloc suggests in his essay *On Rasselas*, is the mood in which we lay it down. What is the mood in which we lay down this selection of Mr. Belloc's prose and verse?

It is no more simple to analyse than moods usually are. Partly, one has been daunted, intimidated, for Mr. Belloc is the least uncertain of writers. There is no breath of doubt anywhere in his work, not the least hint of struggle at any time to find or hold his faith. And even at his most playful, he wears his certainty like an armour, and the armour is surmounted by the most vivid, one might almost say the most ostentatious of panaches. This certainty is at once his strength and his weakness; it makes him the master of assertion. As a prose writer he is essentially assertive. This is excellent so long as one agrees with the assertions made. It is less so when one doesn't, or when what is being asserted is an exploitation of personality, for it is then that one becomes aware of what I can only call defective sympathy, though whether the failure is in him or myself I am not wholly sure. But compare him with that other master of assertive prose on whom he has written so well: Dr. Johnson. The strength of Johnson's assertions lies in the tensions we feel behind them. We are conscious, in other words, even when Johnson is at his most sublime, even at his most awe-inspiring, as in the tremendous rhythms of *Rasselas*, of weaknesses shared in common with him. If Mr. Belloc has ever had his weaknesses he has never deigned to share them with his readers.

This, it seems to me, throws light on the finally unsatisfactory nature of his poetry. Again, the comparison is with Johnson. As a metrist, as an artist in words, Mr. Belloc has all the advantages. But Johnson's verse moves one

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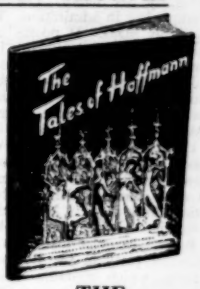

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as Mr. Belloc's does not. Reading the poems Mr. Roughead has selected, the *Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine*, the *Six Sonnets*, *The Evenlode*, one admires, one is lost in admiration. They are exquisitely, superbly *made*. If poems consisted only in verbal felicity—and the theory has been advanced—they would be great poems. What they do not do is surprise. They satisfy at the verbal level only; inner melody is lacking.

Yet, whether the greatest prose writer of his age or not, Mr. Belloc is the greatest for some things. His certainty springs from a vision of glory. It is, as perhaps the glorious must always be, a traditional glory; and it is heroic and ritualistic. It is, I think, Christian only by the accident of time and place: Mr. Belloc is a Roman Catholic, but the emphasis must be placed on the word Roman, because his vision of glory is an expression of piety in the Roman sense: witness the essay, which contains some of the noblest prose he has written, *A Remaining Christmas*:

> Man has a body as well as a soul and the whole of man, soul and body alike, is nourished sanely by a multiplicity of observed traditional things. Moreover, there is this great quality in the unchanging practice of Holy Seasons, that it makes explicable, tolerable, and normal what is otherwise a shocking and intolerable and even in the fullest sense, abnormal thing. I mean, the mortality of immortal man.

The sense of glory is always associated with violent death, death in battle, death at the hands of the executioner, the martyr's death, and it is precisely with such subjects that Mr. Belloc is at his greatest. In this selection, the passages that stand out, that reveal the great prose-writer, are those one is inclined to think of as the set-pieces, the scenes from *Danton*, *Marie Antoinette* and *The Crusade* and the descriptions of battles—Cressy, Roncesvalles, the retreat from Moscow—from *The Eyewitness* and *The Campaign of 1812*. As a historian, Mr. Belloc has been criticised often and severely enough; as the celebrant of great moments in history he is beyond criticism, and to match the marmoreal splendour of his prose then, the weight and authority of his language and the subtle modulations of his rhythms, one must go back to Landor.

Mr. Roughead has done his work well. Rightly, he has omitted extracts from *The Servile State* and the political satires. One may quarrel with individual items of his choice, regret the absence of some of one's favourite essays and comic poems. But Mr. Belloc has been as prolific as any writer of our time, and from the standpoint of sheer craftsmanship he has probably kept a higher standard than any other. All told, it would be difficult to make a better introduction to his works than this.

WALTER ALLEN

TOPOGRAPHY

The Forest of Dean. By BRIAN WATERS. *Dent*. 15*s*.

The Shetland Isles. By A. T. CLUNESS. *Hale*. 15*s*.

Wiltshire. By EDITH OLIVIER. *Hale*. 15*s*.

The Isle of Wight. By R. L. P. and DOROTHY M. JOWITT. *Batsford*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Books about the counties and towns of the British Isles are published each year in surprisingly large numbers. Who are the purchasers? Is a book about Rutland sold chiefly to Rutland men, at home or in exile, or is such a book bought by those who know nothing of the place? The first seems more probable, for long books of unrelated scraps of history, description, topography, and anecdote can be very tedious if the reader brings no personal knowledge or affection to the reading of them. Sometimes, however, topographical works appear which deserve a much wider audience. The subject may be novel and important, an old subject may have been given a new significance by an interpretive imagination, or the writing may be unusually good.

Three of these four books deserve to be widely read, and not only by those with a special interest in Dean, or Shetland, or Wilts. The first one is about a strange district. Rural England is divided by geographers into areas of lowland agriculture and upland pastures, but the Forest of Dean is neither. Its inhabitants are not ploughmen or graziers, they are woodmen and miners. The activities of woodmen are sufficiently unusual in England but the activities of the Forest miners are even more remarkable and it is with an account of them that Brian Waters begins his book. The free miners of the hundred of St. Briavels were the only coal-owners unaffected by the recent vesting date of the National Coal Board and their thirty or forty small pits continue unaffected. Mr. Waters does not think they will last beyond the end of the present century, but they are flourishing enough at present and it is strange to read of part of an English county where men have the right to prospect for coal and iron, stake a claim, and mine it with the help of a neighbour or two. These little mines are, however, all shallow ones, the free miners have sold their rights in most of the deep coal to companies with capital.

The headgear of these pits—the New Fancy, the Christ a-Weeping, the Stay-and-Drink, and the others—stands in the woodland; over the workings a solitary charcoal burner and other experts of the woods ply their trades, our only woodland sheep keep down the undergrowth, and gipsies find the glades to their taste. Another trade that seems to be honoured in the Forest is that of poet; there is an interesting account of F. W. Harvey, whose fame is local as well as national; and of Robert Frost who settled for a while near Dymock. This is a good book.

So is A. T. Cluness's book on Shetland. Here is another remote place inhabited by people rather different from the rest of us. The Shetlander differs ancestrally (he is very Scandinavian); historically (this archipelago has suffered tyrannies our national historians have never heard of, Hume Brown's three-volume history of Scotland for instance gives exactly two lines to Shetland); and he differs geographically (the people here are the most cosmopolitan of any British natives, says Mr. Cluness). The last point is interesting; it seems that the Forest of Dean is psychologically more isolated than Shetland, for Shetlanders are seamen and the sea is a road that leads anywhere, and they are readers—and books also lead anywhere. Shetlanders, like other island men—Robinson Crusoe, for instance—are versatile and competent in emergencies. They must be, no one can help them in a crisis. We are told of a film company on Foula—remote Foula. They smashed their 'cello. A Foula boy mended it so that no damage could be seen. No one was particularly surprised. "Robby was good with wood."

The author is interested in the islands mainly because of the islanders, but he describes the rock-bound, boulder-strewn coasts coolly and well, and his style in historical narrative is clear and lively. He thinks the Shetlanders have been hardly dealt with—and still are. They have so few votes and some are not considered worth the trouble of collecting; it seems civilians have only been able to telephone to Shetland since 1945 and the roads are very bad. He rightly ridicules a B.B.C. that seemed to believe Shetland was in the Far East. And yet in the last war Shetland played a part more vital than Gibraltar.

The late Edith Olivier was equally interested in people, but the people who fill her book on Wiltshire are mostly dead and gone folk she met in other books. What an interesting company they are and how well Miss Olivier wrote! Wiltshire—in spite of Miss Olivier—is a subject which lacks the unity of a forest or a conspicuously discrete archipelago, but the book itself has a unity, given to it by an unusually well-read, active, and interesting mind. There are chapters on Salisbury, on the boroughs (including industrial Swindon), on selected villages and on the great country houses. Miss Olivier, ex-mayor of Wilton, knew her Wiltshire and the literature about it through and through, but those who

visit the county may want to supplement some of her architectural information. An odd, momentary confusion between the Warwickshire Avon and the Salisbury one should be cleared up in future editions.

These books, about such different places, all have some things in common. All have poor maps. All have chapters on local dialect which are a little unsatisfactory, this is a subject which really does require some knowledge of comparative philology. All are illustrated with photographs and even the best landscape photographs become a little wearisome in time; we have some excellent topographical artists, presumably it is the financial limitations of publishing that prevent their co-operation.

The last book is different in kind from the others. It aims at the completeness of a guide book and yet in appearance and arrangement it refuses to be a guide book. Is this perhaps something to be regretted? A straightforward guide book never comes amiss, even a disguised one like this will be found very useful by those visiting the Isle of Wight. But chiefly for them. Others will be discouraged by the rather dull writing, and the conscientious inclusions.

STEPHEN BONE

Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration in Great Britain. By IAN G. SHARP. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Apart from its value as a book of reference, Dr. Sharp's treatise has two considerable merits: it deals concisely and lucidly with a complex, dusty subject and it brings together the two threads in the pattern of efforts to replace jungle ethics in wage-bargaining by something more nearly approaching the rule of reason and law. On the one hand, the repeal of the Combination Acts in 1824 led to the gradual establishment of voluntary machinery—beginning in the textile trades and gradually extending over a wide range of industries—for the adjustment of disputes. On the other hand, from 1872 onwards the State has legislated, with varying degrees of success, for the solution of deadlocks between employers and employees by means of compulsory arbitration—compulsory, that is, in the sense that strikes and lock-outs were rendered illegal until the machinery for inquiry or arbitration established by the State had been given a chance to operate. The most recent example of such intervention by the State has been the controversial and still operative Order 1305 of 1940. The picture which emerges from Dr. Sharp's survey is essentially one of piece-meal empiricism: the voluntary machinery, smoothly though it has worked in particular industries, has suffered from the defect that it provides no basis for the co-ordination of wage policy, while the mechanism of State arbitration has tended too often to "split the difference" in the absence of any guiding principle to determine the merits of claims. A curious omission in an otherwise comprehensive history is the absence of any reference to the very successful machinery established by the British shipping industry in 1920 for the regulation of the wages and conditions of service in the Merchant Marine.

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No. 1,104

Set by Richard Lister

Competitors are invited to invent characteristic comments on the Report of the Royal Commission on Gambling from any three of the following (150 words in all): Samuel Butler, Dr. Arnold, Dr. Johnson, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Spooner, Bacon, J. S. Mill, Oscar Wilde. Entries by May 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,101

Set by David Higham

In a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a reviewer described a book as "a cross between a poor man's Hardy and a very poor man's *War and Peace*." The usual prizes are offered for an extract not exceeding 200 words from a novel which could be described as one of the following: A rentier's Kipps; a sportsman's Graham Greene; a Stakhanovite's Proust; a peer's Hemingway; a rotarian's Jane Austen.

Report by David Higham

The point was to adapt the model to suit the taste of its new owner rather than merely describe that owner's activities in the model's style. All the many Graham Greenes and all but one of the very few Hemingways were caught out. I expected few Hemingways, but not the very few Kippses. A rentier's Kipps looked like a natural. Jane Austen is evidently not as easy to write as she found it, nor the taste of rotarians familiar to the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The surprise was the Proust, which I thought would be the hardest nut of all. Stakhanovites were better scored, on the average, than any—a sign of the times, perhaps. Two guineas each to Martin Jordan and H. J. Ryan, a guinea each to Derek Barnard and Edward Blishen each of whose second entries deserves Honourable mention. So do M. M., Roy Christy, Betsy Christy, K. H. Kevis and J. E. B.

A ROTARIAN'S JANE AUSTEN

Agatha's eyes the next morning opened to the same thoughts which had closed them, and totally indisposed for employment she resolved soon to make no appearance at the office. She was proceeding directly to her favourite walk in the High Street when the recollection that *he* traded there impelled her towards the gas works instead.

The state of her mind was tumultuous. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Councillor Botting, proprietor of two fish shops, a house in Park Drive and a bungalow at Wittering, was unbelievable. But her eye kindled at the thought of William; it was with the partiality of a sister that she allowed herself to contemplate the advantage to *him*. With his new ice business William could not fail to find the connection agreeable.

Walking by the gasometers she was tempted by the mildness of the day to stand and admire their majestic size. She was about to continue her walk when she caught a sudden odour of fish and, swinging round, was amazed to see Mr. Botting's handsome delivery van. The person himself stepped lightly from the driving seat and handed her a folded billhead.

"I beg you, Miss —— be good enough to read that note."

MARTIN JORDAN

LA PLAGE À BLANCBEC

Lorsque j'avais construit une forteresse plus solide que d'habitude ma tante ne manquait pas de me dire que c'était bien fait mais qu'il faudrait faire mieux le lendemain: et moi qu' ennuyait, au début, ce jeu enfantin (auquel je me prêtais uniquement pour lui faire plaisir) je finis par prendre goût à la besogne quotidienne où je mettais une énergie de plus en plus obstinée et un orgeuil croissant à mériter les quelques mots d'éloge qu'elle prononçait devant l'œuvre achevé.

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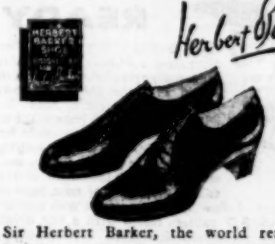

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Il lui importait peu que, tous les douze heures, une marée impitoyable vint effacer mon bâtiment de sable et sa fosse protectrice. Elle prétendait que cela n'avait pas d'importance et que l'essentiel c'était d'apporter continuellement à la tâche journalière, quelle qu'elle fût, un peu plus de force et d'adresse.

Elle nota même, dans son écriture fine (sur un carnet que nous achetâmes, exprès, à Blancbec le jour de mon anniversaire) les dimensions de mes forteresses et le temps que je mettais à les construire et elle manifestait une joie débordante lorsque, de temps en temps, une marée plus compatissante ou plutôt moins forte que les autres laissa des traces de l'ouvrage du jour précédent. H. J. R.

A Peer's Hemingway

After he'd gone I went over to Lord Lampoon. "I'm sorry," I said.

He was looking at *The Times*, not reading it, the way a man looks at *The Times* when he is waiting for something bad to happen.

"I don't hear you," he said.

"It is political. He has to do it."

"I don't hear you," Lord Lampoon said. He was very old. "You talk of violence. You say nothing. I am an old man who wants only to die in bed." He knew something bad was going to happen.

"He has to do it," I said. "I also should like to die in bed like an old man. Now it is too late." He started to cry.

I heard somebody shouting and then it was quiet again, and I went outside and somebody came up to me and said, "Have you heard? They've just kicked a Cabinet Minister out of ——'s Club," and I said, "Who did it?" and he said, "I don't know, but they kicked him all right." He was pretty scared.

Derek Barnard

A Rentier's Kipps

Ted Trotsky had soon convinced Mr. Faversham that the loss of his private income was a particular blessing.

"Now you're one of us," he told Mr. Faversham, as he instructed that bewildered young man in the wearing of a cloth cap. "No, Fred!" he exclaimed patiently (it had been agreed that the full "Frederick" was out of key with Mr. Faversham's new destiny). "A choker—if I may say so, comrade—ain't a dressy silk scarf. Just tie it any'ow, mate."

So, day after day, as he learned to wield a pick, Mr. Faversham struggled manfully to drop his aitches, to spit on his hands, and to sneer at those Stock Exchange reports which at one time he had read with such a respectful anxiety. His new friends frowned as he continued, in his clumsy way, to turn instinctively into the saloon and not the public bar: to take the spoon out of his cup before drinking; to use his handkerchief. Mr. Faversham did his best; but a tiny doubt persisted in his soul, and was strengthened when one day he saw the Honourable Dorothy tripping across the road in which he was inexpertly helping to dig a hole.

Edward Blishen

CHESS: The Worst Move Ever Made

No. 81

More than once this column has provided some melancholy pleasure for those of us who like to be reminded that even the greatest masters are not immune against the same sort of silly blunders and oversights which give us frequent cause for bitter self-reproach. The most incredible blunder ever committed by a great master in a vital game happened almost exactly 100 years ago. The place was London: the time May 27th, 1851, first round of the first chess tournament ever held; the victim was the great Kieseritzky, and the beneficiary the even greater Anderssen, who proceeded to win the tournament and to be proclaimed as the first world champion. Here is the game.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(11) Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(2)	P-QKt3	Kt-QB3	(12) P-QR5	Q-B2
(3)	B-QKt2	P-QR3	(13) P-KB4	Kt-K1
(4)	P-QR4	P-K3	(14) B-Q3	P-KB4
(5)	Kt-KB3	P-Q3	(15) P x P	P x P
(6)	Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(16) Q-KR5	Kt-KB3
(7)	B-K2	B-K2	(17) Q-KR3	Kt-Kt5
(8)	O-O	O-O	(18) R-KB3	Q-R2 ch
(9)	P-Q4	P x P	(19) K-B1	R-KB3
(10)	Kt x P	Q-QKt3	(20) R-KKt3??	Q mates

To overlook a "mate in 1" may happen to anybody; but to ignore a most palpably obvious threat by the very move to put the Q in agony too—this would require psychoanalytical explanation. It was said that Kieseritzky was overawed by the magnitude of the occasion, as well he may have been. As it happened he was soon eliminated from the contest, rather unhappily conducted as a series of short matches on the "knock-out" system. Incidentally, that great precursor to all our chess tournaments was held without a time limit. Many games lasted from twelve to twenty hours, and not infrequently the players (to say nothing of the onlookers) were reported fast asleep.

A: Anderssen

No such shortcomings are likely to arise in the Centenary Tournament starting on May 27th of this year. True, neither this nor indeed any tournament conceivable in the near future could possibly equal the splendour of Nottingham, 1936, where the competitors included three former world champions as well as the reigning one and his heir presumptive. Even so, the forthcoming event should well be among the greatest tournaments of our time. I understand that funds are still required. Readers who wish to send a donation to the British Chess Federation will serve a noble, not to say historical, purpose, apart from helping to provide for a source of their own future entertainment.

B: A. Curnock (B.C.M., 1902)

C: H. Mattison, 1951

For this week's competition it seems only fitting to give pride of place to the winner of the 1851 tournament. Anderssen's three-mover is neat and not particularly difficult. It should be amply rated with 5 ladder points. As for **B**, this too is a problem rather than a study, dated just about half-way between Mr. Staunton's and this year's tournament. It's a mate in 7, but quite easy enough to be rather over-rated with 5 points. **C**—White to move and draw—was born in this centenary year, and as it is not nearly as difficult as most other Soviet studies this, too, might fairly rate 5 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 31

A: (1) B-K1, Q-K6! (2) B-Kt3, K-Kt3! (3) R-B2, Q x B. (4) R-Kt2 ch and keeps checking on the QKt file. (Had Black taken the B on the 2nd move, the R would keep checking on the QR file).

B: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-B4. (2) B-Q6 ch, K-Kt3. (3) Kt-R8 ch, B x Kt. (4) P-R5 ch, K-Kt2. (5) B-B8, K-Kt1. (6) B-Q6 ch, K-Kt2. (7) B-B8 etc.

C: (1) B-R2 ch, K-Q5 ch. (2) P-B4 (K-K1 or K-B3 only draws), Kt-B6 ch. (3) K-Q2, B x P. (4) B x B, P x P (forced). (5) B-Q3, Kt x P (otherwise the Kt gets lost). (6) Kt-K6 mate.

If (2) . . . B x P ch, (3) B x B, P x P. (4) B-Kt3, Kt-B6 ch. (5) K-B2, Kt x P. (6) Kt-K6 ch, K-K5. (7) B-B2 mate.

Many competitors were stumped by the intricacies of C, and while practically everybody saw the key and main variations of A, few saw all its subtleties. F. R. Oliver, the only one to get everything completely right, fully deserves the undivided 1st prize. But six competitors dropped only a point or two in missing some *finesse* or other in either A or C. As it wouldn't be quite fair to let them share with Oliver I must again double the consolation prize to make it worth sharing between D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, J. M. Reid, F. A. Rhoden, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

Assiac

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EXCH.: 4-rm. 1st fl. flat, mod. blk., Henden Cent.; c.h., c.h.w., garage, etc., incl. rent £197, for similar smaller flat N.W.1/3/8. Haynes, 21 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

YNG. couple, lecturer & wife, would like 2 rooms ground/first floor, Bloomsbury/Regent's Park/Hampstead. Box 2363.

LADY requires furn./unfurn. room, use k.b. Kensington, Hampstead area. Modern amenities. Moderate rent. Box 2549.

PROF. couple seek unfurn. accom. London South suburbs preferable. Box 2434.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room (London) required, with kindly people, for elderly lady, not invalid. Box 2356.

ARCHITECTURAL Student qualifying this year urgently reqs. s.c. flat in London. Any area but pref. Hampstead, Regents Pk., Bloomsbury, Chelsea. Min. 2 rooms. Essen. 1 room be fairly large. Prepared help conversion, etc., if reqd. Box 2454

3 WOMEN grads. fr. N.Z. & U.S.A. sk. flat/let or h.s.k. from May 5. Box 2176.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or phone (City 4591), 35 Buckleraury, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4 (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

THE Continental Club for conversation and mixture in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

ANIMALS Have No Nationality is the motto of the Hawksley Society For The Protection of Animals and Birds in Italy, Limited. Please help us by sending a donation to the Secretary, 179, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1.

PARACHUTES. 1. 16 panels. Pure White Silk; each panel 36in × 84in. 4 panels, 15s.; 8 panels, 27s. 6d.; Whole Parachute, 52s. 6d. 2. Huge White Rayon panels: each 45in × 9 yds. 2 panels, 17s. 6d.; 4 panels, 32s. 6d.; 8 panels, 60s. Post Free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

THE National Trust needs more members to help preserve the beauty of Britain. Minimum subscription 10s. Free admission to properties. 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding." Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

AVOID fury got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Peach, Pink or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels, 8s. 6d.; 4 panels, 17s. 6d.; 8 panels, 32s. 6d. (2) White Nylon: each panel 36in. × 132in. 2 panels, 27s. 6d.; 4 panels, 52s. 6d.; 8 panels, 100s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

"A STLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. Pure white heavy English silk or primrose nylon, each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. New Irish linen lengths, natural shade 6yds. × 32in., each 27s.; Embroidery, cream or white, 3yds. × 52in., each 28s. 6d. New off white heavy linen lengths, ideal for furnishings, loose covers, etc., 24in. × 27in. approx., 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New grey linen boxed mattress cases, size 6ft. × 2ft. 3in. approx. (box 4) to 5in.), each 22s. 6d. carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 139/143, Stoke Newington High St., London, N.16.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT is the American policy on Soviet expansion, the Far East, the Hydrogen Bomb? A booklet, "Our Foreign Policy," published at President Truman's request, covering these and other vitally important problems, is now available here. Write or telephone for a free copy to: United States Information Service, Dept. 4, 9 Grosvenor Sq., London, W.1. (GRO. 9000—Ext. 729).

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and W. F. D. Williams. April issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"DRAMA": Festival of Britain "double" number now ready. Articles by Lord Esher, J. B. Priestley, Esmé Church, Eric Newton, etc. Price 2s., from 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

CHOIX French Book Club. Selected book for April now ready. Details from Choix, 72 Charlotte St., W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6307.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

COLLECTORS—fine stock of English & German books displayed in 7 rooms. Libris now at 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030. Books bought.

PRE-WAR Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag. Popular Mechanics, Fortune etc. by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and sold. Ask for list Continental Book Supply, 12a Cholmeley Park, London N.6. MOU. 1482.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ROYAL Navy. Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Commissions in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry or Metallurgy), or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Commissions will be granted for periods of 3, 4 or 5 years, and, after 2 years' service, opportunities will be afforded for officers to be transferred to the Permanent List. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £547 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first year, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial Outfit Allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full- or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, Superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Education Department, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economics. Commencing salary will be within the range £A650 to £A1,000 per annum according to qualification, with annual increments of £A50. There is also a cost of living adjustment, at present £A95 per annum (£A70 for females). Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 30, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Appointment of Lecturers in the Department of Education. Applications are invited for the following three posts of Lecturer in the Department of Education: (1) To be responsible for the Methods of Teaching History, the History of Education and some work in Comparative Education. (2) To be responsible for the Methods of Teaching Biology and for work in Health Education. (3) To be responsible for the Methods of Teaching English and for some work in Educational Psychology. The salary range is £550 × £50—£1,100 with children's allowances of £50 per child and the usual F.S.S.U. provisions. It is expected that the successful candidate will be placed on the scale at about £650. Applicants who have already replied to the previous advertisement for Assistant Lecturers in these three posts need not reapply. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent, to whom applications should be returned not later than May 5. Successful applicants will be required to take up their duties on October 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Law. The salary grades are Grade II £A575—£A675, Grade I £A675—£A875 for men (annual increments £A25) and £A475—£A610 and £A610—£A790 for women (annual increments £A22 10s.). Appointment will be offered at a salary within either grade according to the experience and qualifications of the person to whom an offer is made. A living allowance at present £A172 for men and £A129 for women) is added to the salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 15, 1951.

BOARDING Out Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualification; able to drive own car preferred. Pay, exp. and subsistence paid. Salary £390. Headquarters in London. Duties include selection and visiting foster homes. Superannuation Scheme. Applicants must apply in writing by April 30, stating age, qualifications and experience, and send copies of testimonials to Secy., Foundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of History. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (Grade III) in Modern History. Salary within the range £400–£500 p.a. Other things being equal, specialist in 17th Century European History preferred. Applications should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than May 7, 1951. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Social Study. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Social Study tenable in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Special qualifications in Social Psychology and some experience in practical social work would be an advantage. The appointment will be in Grade III (£400-£500). Applications, accompanied by the names of at least three referees, should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by Monday, April 30, 1951. C. G. Burton, Sec. The University, Birmingham, 3.

ANGLO-Iranian Oil Company require one mathematician, one mathematical physicist and one physicist with some mathematical ability, with 1st- or 2nd-class honours degrees, for posts at a new research and development centre on the Nottinghamshire Oilfield. The work will involve theoretical investigation of the movement of fluids in oil reservoirs and problems connected with recovery of oil. Methods and equipment will be developed for electrical recording at surface of a wide range of physical observations on oil and gas-bearing formations penetrated in deep wells. The observations include resistivity of formations, radioactivity, temperature, pressure, fluid velocity, well diameter, etc. The equipment will also be used for actuating sample devices and special bottom hole instruments. The mathematician will be concerned with oil reservoir future production performance and the mathematical physicist with the allied survey research and development work. The physicist will be responsible for interpretation of records and laboratory experiments, both electrical and physical, bearing on interpretation. Men with some years' practical experience of electronics preferred for the two latter posts. Applicants from 27-35 years should be prepared to go abroad for periods extending to six months. Write, giving full details and quoting Department M.1415 to Box 6172, at 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

B.B.C. invites applications from British Nationals for the post of Vietnamese Programme Organiser in the Far Eastern Service, External Services. Duties involve supervision of a programme section broadcasting in Vietnamese and co-ordination of staff duties, together with planning and production of programmes. This entails the preparation in English of news bulletins, commentaries and talks for translation into Vietnamese. A wide cultural and academic background and knowledge of Vietnamese are essential. Desirable qualifications include some news sense and/or news experience and some knowledge of and interest in South East Asia, the Far East in general and Vietnam in particular. Starting salary £835 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £1,085 per annum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Vietnamese Programme Organiser, N. Sem.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Orphan Homes of Scotland. The Executive Committee invite applications for the post of General Superintendent of The Orphan Homes, Bridge of Weir. The duties will comprise responsibility for the general administration of the Homes. Applicants should have had experience of a similar kind of work and must be in full sympathy with the work of the Homes. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, together with names of at least three referees or enclosing copies of recent testimonials, should be sent to Chairman, The Orphan Homes of Scotland, Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire.

EXPERIENCED case worker with university qualifications required to establish and direct new case work agency under Hull Council of Social Service. The underlying purpose of the agency is to further fundamental thinking both on case work and training of students. Salary £550-£50-£650 (pensionable). Flat may be available. Further particulars from the Chairman, Hull Council of Social Service, Department of Social Studies, University College, Hull.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service require qualified Senior Family Case Worker. Social Science Diploma and experience essent. Ability to train students. Sal. from £400 to £500 p.a. Apply to The General Secretary, 155 Norfolk St., Sheffield, 1.

INTERESTING and progressive careers at executive level offered to educated women, between the ages of 25 and 35 years, in Personnel Management. Good salary paid whilst acquiring experience of methods and organisation, with excellent prospects on appointment. Comfortable residential club in London during training, if required. Suitable candidates must be agreeable to appointment in any part of Great Britain. Write with full particulars of present post, education, experience and interests, to Box No. I.P.955, 10 Hertford St., London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, Kentish Town, London, N.W.5. Principal: Jas. G. Docherty, D.Sc., A.M.Inst.C.E., M.I.Mech.E. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (woman) to take charge of a course of training for House Mothers in residential nurseries and family group Homes, including children of under five years of age. The course is to be held at the North-Western Polytechnic and will be run in conjunction with the Home Office Central Training Council for Child Care. Applicants must have good qualifications and experience in the care and education of children, with special knowledge of children under five years of age. Preference will be given to those who have had experience in adult education. The post will be that of a Grade B Assistant; salary scale £405 × £20 to a maximum of £580, plus London allowance, and allowances for degree, training, and for approved experience. The successful candidate will be expected to take up her duties not later than September 1, 1951. Form of application and further particulars of the post may be obtained on application to the Clerk to the Governors at the above address, and should be returned to him within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed.

A NUMBER of temporary Instructors are wanted at once to teach English to Foreign Nationals, who have volunteered for industrial work in Great Britain, at a Residential Centre, near Rotherham, Yorks. Salary according to qualifications and experience, up to £375 per annum, plus free board and lodging. Instructors will be initiated into the teaching method to be used at the Centre before being given charge of a class. Energy, enthusiasm, and adaptability are essential qualifications. Previous teaching experience is desirable. Those whose mother-tongue is English will be preferred. Write, stating full name, age, details of previous experience (with dates), quoting this paper, to Box No. 2850. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date May 15, 1951.

URCHFONT Manor Residential College for Adult Education: Appointment of Warden. Applications for this post are invited by the Wiltshire County Council. Salary £1,000, subject to review. Free unfurn. accom. Particulars from Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge.

N. Middlesex Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. An experienced woman, of good education and organising ability, to receive the out-patients and take charge of registration and appointments. Aged 26 or over. Previous hospital experience an advantage, but not essential in a person of ability and the right personality. Salary (Clerical Grade) N.H.S. £346 p.a. to £387 p.a. Application, stating age, education, experience, with copies of recent testimonials, to Secretary of Hospital, within one week of this advertisement.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Assistant House Mothers required for work in small Homes for boys and girls of mixed ages. Candidates should have training or some experience of work with children, and should be able to join in their activities and interests. Practical ability in household duties is also required. It is essential at present possible to consider for these posts candidates who wish to have their own children with them. Minimum salary £247 per annum less valuation of full residential emoluments. Enquiries to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Milton Grange Reception Centre, Moseley, Birmingham. Appointment of Deputy Warden. Applications are invited for the above resident post from women with good previous experience of working with, and assessing the needs and abilities of, deprived children. The possession of a recognised qualification in Child Care would be an additional recommendation. Salary, £280 by £15 to £325, plus emoluments valued at £180 annually. Further particulars and application forms (to be returned on or before April 28, 1951) can be obtained from the undersigned at 102 Edmund St., Birmingham 3. Please quote advert. No. 15550. — E. J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational, and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S.4, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As., 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

PERSON required to fill vacancy in the Statistics Department of a progressive Company. Essential qualifications are: aptitude for figure work; keen student of economics; ability to work on own initiative. Write stating salary required. Box 2728.

THEATRE Artiste requires permanent qualified personal secretary, mid-June. Work from own home, provide own typewriter. Pref. willing commence 3/4 time with view to full-time later. Please give qualifications, exp., salary reqd. Box 2701.

ADVERTISING agent wanted by Jewish monthly. Good prospects. Box 2646.

COUNTRY Club in Sussex requires educated adaptable woman to help generally. Cheerful friendly atmosphere. Box 2937.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LABOUR M.P. journalist requires secretary. Must be hard-working, experienced and able to use initiative. Box 2959.

COPYWRITER wanted for Advertising Department of large manufacturing and commercial organisation in N.W. Middlesex. Age up to 25. Interest and scope is considerable for person of imagination and energy. Appointment can be kept open till end of June for suitable applicant. Experience is not essential, but give particulars of education and any previous employment to Box 2738.

EXPERIENCED Secretary (female) wanted early May for Editorial Department of the Geographical Magazine. Good shorthand and typing, accuracy, intelligence and ability to handle administrative detail essential; knowledge of a foreign language useful. No Saturday work, good holidays. Apply by letter to Executive Editor, Geographical Magazine, 91 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

THREE Adult Shorthand-Typists, either sex, for Educational and Political Department of Large Trade Union. Varied and interesting work in pleasant friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £6 12s. 6d. per week, rising to £7 12s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 2715.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, expd., efficient, keen, for publisher. Box 2944.

YOUNG shorthand-typist for general office duties, interesting work internat. affairs. Salary according age exp. Box 2947.

COOK and assistant required immediately. Vegetarian School with 60 children. Aga cooker. Box 2464.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

MARRIED woman resident W. Country, wishes work at home. Exp. sec., a./L.-bkkpr., interested languages, music. Box 1217.

BRAINWORK wanted by yng. woman, comprehensive exp. magazine editing, publishing, wide interests. Box 2313.

EX-Asst. Concert Director, Lon. Phil. Orch. (28), free through non-renewal of L.C.C. grant, sks. post where extensive mus. & travel knowledge, good organising ability or fluent French wd. be useful. Box 2340.

MAN, 28, Hons. English, French, wide reading & interests, qualified teacher, seeks intelligent non-school work London. Box 2341.

B.A. Englishwoman, 39, seeks interesting work. Extremely varied experience Europe, Africa. Willing do anything: organising, executive, secretarial, domestic; suggestions welcomed. Box 2364.

LADY, admin. exp., organising ability, languages, sks. position where personality and initiative appreciated. Box 2365.

WOMAN grad., 22, French, Spanish, s'hand./typing, sks. intg. post. Lit. work pref., but suggestions welcomed. Box 2374.

EDUCATED lady seeks position in school or home where daughter 5½ and son 4½ welcome. Red Cross Certificate, needlewoman, artist, country-lover, gardener, driver. Suggestions invited. Box 2388.

EXPERIENCED young secretary requires interesting job mornings. Box 2685.

GRADUATE, versatile, adaptable, urgently requires post. Box 2470.

SECRETARY, educated. Experience political, commercial; musical and artistic interests, requires work. Box 2691.

GERMAN woman, fluent Eng., wishes temp post. Anything consid. Box 2841.

FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the Sir Thomas Lyle Fellowship in Physics tenable for two years with possible extension. Salary £A850 per annum. Preference will be given to applicants with experience in nuclear physics or cosmic rays. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is June 4, 1951.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LONG Ditton, Surrey, in unspoilt residential area, 7 mins. Waterloo, freehold family residence, 7 bed., 3 recep., central heating. Garage & coach house. Recently redecorated. Garden 1¼ acres. Box 2439.

FOR Sale: Nursery Holding, 5 acres, near Leicester, some glass. Excellent position. Bargain for quick sale, all in, and freehold, £2,100. Box 2412.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 464

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses," Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments. Intensive business course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus or interview on application to Secretary, 61/62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PADdington 3320.

DUTTON Shorthand School. Day (full or part-time) & evening classes start April 23, shorthand, typing and business routine. 92, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

SHORTHAND — Intensive crse.—corres./priv. tuition. Martin, B.Sc. (Econ.), 49 Colchester Rd., Leyton. LEY. 5125.

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BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Square). Summer Term begins April 30. Classes for Beginners and Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All partics. from Sec. Tel. HOL. 6770.

GALEWSKA, Concert Pianist from Paris, improves Pianists any stage or age. Inspiring new way to artistry, virtuosity. Interpretation Bach, Chopin. Individ. or classes of 2-3. 17 Howitt Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 2979.

MODEL Millinery, private lessons. Ladies who are interested to learn the trade thoroughly from an expert should apply for details CUN. 5452.

DRESS-MAKING. Complete training by ex - Cutter - Designer. Correspondence Course. Private lessons. Box 9656.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer School: July 25-August 8. Centre Culturel de Royaumont, Asnieres-sur-Oise, France. "International Affairs." Director: Austen Albu, M.P. Resident Lecturers: Dr. C. E. M. Joad, Roy Jenkins, M.P., Ian Winterbottom, M.P. French Socialists will speak on French policy. Details and booking forms from: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FESTIVAL of Britain Arrangements: Combine a visit to Festival of Britain exhibitions and centres with a stay at one of my special Festival of Britain House Parties near Oxford, Windsor and London, also Somerset by the sea and Scotland (including Edinburgh). July 13 to Sept. 8. Meet interesting visitors from abroad, enjoy an open-air holiday with bathing, tennis, riding, brush up your foreign languages, visit Festival centres and places of historic interest. Also Festival of Britain River Cruise, June 30. Full details from: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. 3 Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving & other Crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 19-Sept 1.

PARIS: 10-day educational visits for teenagers. Leaving July 25 and Aug. 27. Escorted throughout and fully inclusive. Accom. in boarding school nr. Bois de Vincennes. Details: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug. in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth.

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BOND St. Bureau offers an efficient and inexpensive typing and duplicating service, any type of work undertaken. Temporary or permanent staff supplied at short notice. MAY. 3692.

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ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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PERSONAL

TO let for August (or exchange then for family accom., seaside) part of roomy country house in Galloway. J. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

FAMILY (5) seeking seaside holiday would exchange N.W. London house for similar on Coast, July-August. Box 2703.

OFFERED, August, upper Maisonette, Hampstead, sleep 7, suitable for children, to let or in exchange for accommodation by sea. Refs. supplied. Box 2387.

MIXED couple seek landlord without colour prejudice. Write Box 2437.

STRUGGLING yng writer (m., married) seks. part-time work. Box 2578.

ENERGETIC grandmother would relieve mother of household cares. August. Bland, Duddlerwell, Uckfield, Sx.

BUNGALOW, Bantry Bay, Cork, exch.: cottage, or caravan home counties, June/July. Box 2342.

YACHT for charter June, July, possibly other times also: 21-ton auxiliary cutter, 6 berths, comfortable, good cruising boat; £20 per week; skipper required unless charterer experienced. Lying Solent. Box 2276.

LARGE attractive Caravan—edge New Forest. Built by artist-craftsman. All conveniences, double divan. Holiday lets 3gns. weekly. Olive Wilson, Godshill Ridge, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

DOCTOR'S modern house let 1 month commencing August 16. London suburb. Accom.: minimum 7. Domestic help. 20gns. inclusive weekly. 54 Friday Hill, E.4.

MENTON: ground-floor spacious flat for 3 months to let 3 months from mid-June. £5 p.w. Cherniavsky, Menton, Garavan, A.M.

WORKING Partner, expd., to invest £1,000 in small nursery, nr. Leicester. Specialising in salads, tomatoes, etc. Box 2411.

WOMAN graduate wishes English conversation practice, either exchange German lessons or act as part-time lady's companion (unpaid). Box 2446.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

YNG. man motoring Italy fortnight commencing Aug. 18, wants companions (m.). Share exps. Box N.S.N. 952, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

YOUNG teacher intending luxury coach tour, French Riviera, August, seeks others interested in forming congenial party for tour. Details from Box 2325.

MAJORCA or Franco-Ital. Riviera; small all private parties, Engl. hostess; 15 days from London, 29 gns. 9 Paultons St. S.W.3.

YOUNG man (23) seeks another as companion, hike S. Europe. Box 2311.

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ENJOY a pleasant evening learning to paint in oils or watercolours. Also day classes. Professional standards. Box 2536.

ROOMS seating 30-70 available for meetings, re-unions, etc. Also limited bookings Queen Mary Hall (seating 478), special catering facilities. Apply Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

WHITSUN Holiday? Enjoy Whitsun in the gay and stimulating company of a group of young professional people—house party near Oxford or in Sussex, a Sailing Holiday on the Norfolk Broads. Whit week in Dorset, by the sea, or Spring Flower Holiday in the Austrian Tyrol. Details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

JOHN Vickers, A.I.B.P., specialises in Portraits of Men and Women who require photographs for professional use, as well as the private sitter who does not usually face the camera with equanimity. An appointment is essential. 29B Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

PRIVATE treatment in illness. Members (including dependents) of the B.U.P.A. can make private arrangements for Specialist treatment, Nursing Home, etc., and the Association refunds all or part of cost. Write for descriptive brochure to Ref. 37/14, The British United Provident Association, 61 Barbican, New Close, London, E.C.1.

CHILDREN'S Summer Holidays in Devon. At Odham Hill School and Children's Farm. Riding, in- and outdoor games, ample food. Modern child-care, backed by 16 years' experience. Children from abroad may join school during term. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A., South Molton, Devon.

SWITZERLAND. P.G.'s taken by young couple in large, ideally situated Chalet in sunny Alpine valley above Montreux. Wonderful view, every comfort. Good motoring district, walks & flowers, tennis, swimming, riding, fishing. For illus. brochures please enc. Internat. Stamp Coupon. C.B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Chateau-d'Oex.

ISRAEL: Students wanting to travel to Israel during the summer should apply in writing to J.E.T.O. 8 Milk Street, E.C.2.

REVISIONS, special help by experience3 writer for new authors. Raymond Buxton, 41 New St., Ross-on-Wye.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 2941.

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CHEAP Holidays in Paris. Bed, breakfast, from 8s. (3rd class), 14s. (2nd class) and 25s. (1st class). Luxury hotels not quoted. Personally met in Paris. Guides from 10s. a day. Book now. Count de Santi, 63 Rue Marcadet, Paris 18, France.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls, aged 6½-18, July 31 to August 30, 1951. Staff experienced in camping and trekking. A holiday and an experience. Apply: A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

GOOD speech, Stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric Hammersmith, Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 28 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. BUS. 3466.

PRESENT-Day strain. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London, can be had from Sec., Langley House, Kings Langley. Tel. 2519.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Parlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

A LIST of unusual travel opportunities under various non-profit Organisations may be obtained from E.T.A., care of I.S.S., 59, Gloucester Place, W.1. Rome and N. Italy 29gns. Also Italian Art Tour. Naples and Sicily, Mediterranean Spain, Alpine Flora. All 15 days.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Weaving, 4-wks. complete course, Apr. 23-May 19. Short Course Apr. 23-May 7. 1 to 4 week Pottery, Softstone & Wood Sculpting; also further Weaving Courses June 4-30.

CANAL Cruising Co., Stone, Staffs., have good cruisers for 2-6 people. Wide choice of routes in lovely scenery.

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EVER heard of Mallnitz? Nor had we till last autumn. It's a magnificently situated mountain village in Carinthia. We are not sending parties there this summer, but we can make arrangements for individuals, in a very pleasant hotel. It costs only £28 10s. for a 16-day holiday. If you are interested in out-of-the-way places like this, please send for our Individual Holiday booklet. Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (V) Park Rd., N.W.1.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the aegis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

CORSICA. The best value that you can have this summer: return air fare, London-Calvi (direct) and fortnight at delightful Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on the magnificent bay of Calvi for £35 10s. Continuous sunshine, good food, perfect freedom. Horizon Holidays Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

AMERICA—Transportation only, from £50 return. Sailings S.S. Charlton Star chartered by The Open Road, Inc. Rotterdam, Southampton, Montreal, from May to Oct. Write International Travel & Study Comms., 2 Littlegate, Oxford, for details.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air London, including 4 nights in Paris, £38. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

A CONTINENTAL holiday, not organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16s.; Italy—£23 10s.; Spain—£21 10s. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

BEE-line to Austria. A few vacancies for men in our Salzkammergut party August 11-28, £28, partly all found £30 10s. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

FRANCE and Switzerland. Congenial interfamilies exchanges organised by social worker. Children and young people, stays of at least 3 wks. Excell. opportunity for combining holiday with practising language. Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

P.S. Have you heard that Harold Ingham will again be using the Cabane Militaire at Bretaye for student parties this summer? Only 23 gns. incl. for 17 days Switzerland!

P.P.S. He can also arrange inexpensive summer schools in France, Italy and Austria. Write to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 5 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks., school of 40 children run by fully qualified staff and active Parents Group. Vacancies now available for children 4-7 years, owing to extension of day classes. No boarding vacancies. Apply Miss Underwood, N.P.U. Datchet 89.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered: H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38, 40, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stamford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Paul. Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 92nd Season. Evenings, 7.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days, 5 & 8, Fay Compton, "Intimate Relations." Thurs. nxt., 7. Shaw Fest. Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last few perfs. "Here Goes" Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

ASIAN Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678. "The Post Office," a play by Rabindranath Tagore. Nine performances only, from May 8. Adm. 3s. 6d. and 5s. Advance bookings only. Limited seats, make reservations now.

CROSBY Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Shakespeare Stage Society. "Macbeth." May 14-19, 8 p.m. Box Off. 10-12.30, 96 Charlotte St. W.1. LAN. 0037. 5s. & 10s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE Birthday. "A Winter's Tale," George Inn Yard, High St., Southwark (Lond. Bridge), Apr. 21 & 28 at 3 and 7.15, Apr. 23 (Birthday Perf.), 7.15, Morley Coll. Actors. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until April 22: Raimu in "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (A). From April 23: Post-war German comedy "Ballad of Berlin" (U).

LONDON Film Club. International Film Festival, Royal Empire Society Theatre, Tuesdays, April 24, "Matyi the Goose Boy" (Hungary), Short films from Scandinavia. May 1, "The Last Stage" (Poland). Short films from Poland, France, Canada, Malaya. Members only. Enquiries: Secretary, 20/21 Tooks Court, Cursitor St., E.C.4. CHA. 3709.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., April 22, 7.30. "Panique" (A) (French).

NEW Era Film Club presents a Special Sunday Film Show. "The Blum Affair" (famous German democratic film, directed by Erich Engel); "School in Cologne" (Czech anti-Nazi puppet film). Also Charlie Chaplin comedy. Sun., April 29 at 7 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Mems., 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details tickets and membership from A. Miller, 40a, Hermon Hill, E.11.

AFRICAN Academy Films at 7 p.m., Fri., 20th, 50 Carnaby St. (behind Oxford Circus Tube). Admission 2s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak F'ship. League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tu., Apr. 24, 7.45 sharp. Film Show. 3 Czechoslovak puppet films and "Flags of many Nations," also "The Fight for Life." All welc.—adm. free.

"IDOMENEO" (Mozart). Production by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall, E.C.1. May 3-5. To reserve seats 'phone RIV. 6369.

SOIREE Musicale, to-day (Sat.) 6.30-9.15. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Buffet 7.30 between concerts. Sturdy String Quartet, Alexander Young, tenor; Maurice Hardy and Geoffrey Corbett, cello and piano, April Cantelo, soprano, Colin Davis, clarinet, Laurence West, piano. 4s. at door. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Chevesux.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket. Next week's concerts: Thurs. at 8: Aleph String Quartet; Sophie Wyss, soprano (1st perf. Spalding Quartet). Sat., 6.30-9.15: Soirée Musicale (buffet 7.30 between concerts). Alexandra Orchestra (Lond. Denys Darlow), Harry Fermoy, piano (Bach F minor Concerto); Isabel Sage, soprano (Finzi's Dies Natalis), Roger Lord, oboe (Handel Concerto). 3s., 5s. (Sat. 4s.) at door, Chappell's, agents. Director of Concerts: N. Chevesux.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. April 22, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Kantrovitch String Quartet. Jack Brymer, Schubert, Death and the Maiden; Bliss No. 2, St. Qts. Mozart Clarinet Quintet. Admission 1s.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Bartok: Sonata No. 1 for violin and piano; *Iain Hamilton: Three Nocturnes for clarinet and piano (Edwin Evans Memorial Prize 1951); *Schoenberg: Fantasia for violin and piano (1949); Humphrey Searle: Quartet for clarinet, bassoon, violin and viola; *Denis Aplvor: Concertante for clarinet, piano and percussion, (*First public performance in London.) Tibor Varga, Kyla Greenbaum, Frederick Thurston, Iain Hamilton, Frederick Riddle, John Alexandra, James and Thomas Blades. 7s., 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries and Chappell's.

MARGARET Manella. Song Recital with Ernest Lush and Peter Hartmann (pianoforte). Wigmore Hall, Fri., April 27, at 7.30. Lieder by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. Song Cycle "Herbstesange," by Peter Hartmann (1st perf. in England). 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

SOLOMON plays Brahms 2nd Piano Concerto with Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Overture, Beatrice and Benedict (Berlioz). Concerto for Orchestra (Bartok). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., April 25, at 8. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212) and usual Agents.

HALF Century Sports & Social Group invite you to Special Dance at London Studios, 11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Locarno Dance Ensemble, Cabaret by "The Starimers," Thurs., April 26, 7.30 p.m. Members 2s. 6d.; visitors 3s. 6d.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

SALLE Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St., W.1. April 21, at 7 p.m. Ireland piano sonata, Stevens violin sonata, vocal & choral items. W.M.A. Singers & Artists. Adm. 2s. 6d.

"WORKERS' Wimbledon," at Whitsun. Apply for details of Tennis Championships of B.W.S.A., 2 Soho Sq., London, W.1. Closing date, Tuesday, May 1.

AUSTRIAN Evening, May 2: Are you interested in Austrian Holidays? You are invited to a show of recent films taken in Austria, followed by a Travel Forum on "Austrian Holidays," also Austrian songs and Accordion Music. Tickets including Continental Buffet 5s. 6d. from: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN 0911.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LAN. 6593). Dancing to a first-class band, Sat., April 21, from 7.30-11 p.m. at 81 Portland Place, W.1. Dancing on both floors. Entrance 2s. members, 3s. guests.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. Buffet & Ball, Criterion Restaurant, Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Sat., May 5, 7-midnight. Dress optional. Tickets 25s. each incl., from WELbeck 0136 (9.30-5).

ALL welcome to Dance given by Highgate Ward, Hornsey Labour Party, in honour of Highgate (Yorks) miners, at St. Joseph's Hall, Highgate Hill, April 27, 7.30. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door. Licensed Bar.

MAY Day Dance, St. Pancras Town Hall, May 1. Tickets 4s. (organisations 3s. 6d.). W.M.A. PAD. 8670.

SINGAWAY. Folksongs, Union Songs, Peace Songs, Ballads, the Ramblers lead. 3 p.m., Sun., April 22, 20 Pont St., S.W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. A full range of Ganymed reproductions on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (first turning off Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9.0-6.0 and Sat. mornings.

FESTIVAL of Britain. By arrangement with the Arts Council. Women's International Art Club. Paintings and Sculpture. Special Section from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Until April 28, 10-5, ex. Sun. Adm. 1s.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12s. 6d., including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1gn.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary Artists. Till April 28. 10-5 except Sundays.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by William Gear.

PARIS-Londres. Pictures recently purchased in France: Courbet, Corot, Degas, Cezanne, Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, &c. 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Hélion. Sculpture by Wotruba. Until May 5.

DENNIS James. Watercolours & Drawings April 25 to May 19. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

PAINTINGS by Elsie Tomlinson shown in W. Katz and Peter Claas Galleries, 11 Old Bond St., W.1. 10-5 Monday-Friday.

PETER Casteel—animals, birds and flowers; pastels, drawings and water colours. Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., April 10-May 1.

ROUAULT. Miserere Engravings at The Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Open 10-6, Sats. 10-1, until May 19.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir, in aid of "Save the Children Fund & Youth Aliyah." 10-5, Sat. 10-12. Admission 2s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. (1) "London" by Algernon Newton, R.A.; (2) "Mexico"—sculpture & drawings by John Skeaping, A.R.A.; (3) Muriel Pemberton—1st Exhn. 10-5.30. Last 3 days.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Graham Sutherland: Retrospective Selection. 1928-1951.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture on "The Relation Between Commercial Law and Commercial Practice" will be delivered by Mr. Justice Devlin at 5 p.m. on May 1 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Early English Autobiography" will be given by Professor W. R. Matthews (California) at 5.30 p.m. on April 30 at University of London: Senate House (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq., W.C.1). Admission free, without ticket.

SIR John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., will speak on "The Unity of World's Faith," April 27, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WOOL Education Society. A Lecture will be given at 7 p.m. on Thursday, April 26, 1951, in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle St., London, W.1., by Professor E. Lipson, M.A., Author of "The History of the English Woollen and Worsted Industries," on "The Wool Trade in History." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

AFTER MacArthur? Peace With China. Hall, Kingsway Hall, Tues., April 24, 7 p.m. Tom Driberg, M.P., F. Blwyn Jones, M.P., Lady Selwyn-Clarke, A. J. P. Taylor, Kingsley Martin in chair. Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., in co-operation with the Fab. Int. Bur., Wed., April 25, 7.30 p.m., at N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2: "Belgian Socialists & the Rearmament Race": Senator Rassart (Socialist Mbr. of the Belgian Senate). 1s. 6d.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. April 23, Film Programme "Film and Reality." 24: Lecture, Prof. Ghyka, "Technique of Dynamic Symmetry." 26: "Public View," discussion on Graham Sutherland exhibn. Chair: Philip James. 27: Young Composers, Alan Bush. 28: At Home.

ALL Nations Social Club. Rt. Hon. A. Creech-Jones (former Colonial Secretary) "Colonies in the Modern World." Thurs., Apl. 26, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (back Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum: "Peace with China," Lord Chorley and other prominent speakers, Thurs., April 26, at 7.30 p.m. Heal's Restaurant, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WELbeck 0136.

BUDGETS, National and Local. Elaine Burton, M.P., Dr. Bernard Homa, L.C.C., Hettie Barber. Hampstead Gdn. Sub. Inst., Central Sq., N.W.11. Mon., Apr. 23, 8. Adm. free. Colin. S. Hendon L.P.

R. W. G. McKay, M.P., on "European Unity." Meeting arranged by the Personalist Group at Conway Hall, W.C.1, on Friday, April 27, at 7.30 p.m.

WALKS and Talks in Epping Forest. Programme of ramble-lectures from Miss Percival, hon. sec., Forest Group of the Ethical Union, 145 Holly Lodge Mans., N.6.

HISTORICAL Assocn. Fri. Apr. 27, 8 p.m. Dulwich College (Cinema), Lawrence Tanner, M.V.O., M.A., F.S.A., on "The Treasures of Westminster Abbey" (postponed from Feb.). Mems. free, others 1s. 6d. at door.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society: Discussion Group Meeting at Abingdon Arms, Abingdon Rd., W.8, on Monday, April 23, at 8 p.m. Speaker Mr. H. R. Cole. Subject: "The Work of the Press Council."

"WHY Re-arm Germany?" Public meeting at Sutton Public Hall, Tues., April 24, 8 p.m. Speakers: Ritchie Calder, Heinrich Fraenkel, Lady Parmoor (Chairman).

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays 1 p.m., April 24: St. Francis of Assisi; May 1, Self Discovery.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 28, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean Driant: "Chansons françaises."

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. Discussion on "Would I rather be a Man or a Woman?" Wed., April 25, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Admission free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. April 22, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Day of Judgment." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m., April 26: "Study of Consciousness." All welcome.

M. L. BURNET: "The Equalitarian Argument." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, April 22, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Apr. 22: "The Lure of the Psychic."

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Apl. 25, 6.30. "Is there an easy path?" Mr. J. Austin.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures will be delivered by Dona Virginia Rau (Lisbon) at 5.30 p.m. on April 24 and 26 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. April 24: The English Marriage of Catherine of Braganza—a good bargain and an amazing paradox: April 26: The Portuguese port-wine trade with England during the 18th century. Admission free, without ticket.

U.N. Helps Half the World. United Nations Assocn. Conference on Technical Assistance. Spkrs.: K. N. Kaul, India House, Dr. Rita Hinden, Martin Flett, Leader of U.K. Deleg. to Colombo Conference, Feb. 1951, David Blelloch, Tech. Asst. Missions Bolivia & El Salvador, April 27, 6 p.m. April 28, 11-6. Details, UNA, 25 Charles St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Chinese Thought under the Ch'ing Dynasty" will be given by Professor P. Demiéville (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on April 27, 30 and May 1, at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

WEEK-END School: "Eastern Europe and Peace." May 19-20, near Guildford. Sessions led by the Rev. Stanley Evans, Julius Jacobs, Andrew Rothstein, Gordon Schaffer, on the new Trade Unions, Germany, Foreign Policies of People's Democracies and their Relations with the U.S.S.R. Dancing, East European Films, Music. £1 17s. 6d. inc. fare from London. Particls.: New Central European Observer, 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

"SCIENCE & Society." Whitsun Week-end School at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, May 11-14, org. by Central London Fabian Soc. Spkrs. include Dr. Burhop, Univ. Col. Lond., Mr. R. Macrae, Lecturer in Sociology, L.S.E., Mr. Leo Bachrach, F.R.I.C., Dr. Geoffrey Bourne & Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S. Apply Miss H. Kendrew, 19 Colebrook Rd., S.W.16.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Residential Week-end Courses, April 27-29: "Social Integration: as in the individual mind, so in society at large," J. N. Glaister; "The effect of family structure on the individual's social relationships," F. N. Gollop. May 4-6: Another experimental painting week-end, & literature study group on "The conception of romantic love," led by R. G. Faithfull. Details: Secretary.

WILLIAM Temple College, Hawarden, nr. Chester. Summer Holiday Conference, Aug. 4-11, 1951. "The Christian Faith and the Social Worker." There will be speakers and discussions on Social Case work and Group work, time for reading and for expeditions into the surrounding country. Cost £5.5s.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 12s. Enrol on 1st night or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Telephone Trafalgar 6415.

NORTH Regional Association for the Blind, Training Course 1951-52. A nine months' Training Course for prospective Home Teachers of the Blind will be held in Manchester commencing on October 1, 1951. It will prepare candidates for the 1952 examination for the Home Teaching Certificate of the College of Teachers of the Blind. This Certificate is the requisite qualification for the post of Home Teacher of the Blind, salary scale being £395 x £15 p.a. to £475 p.a. Candidates must be between 21 and 41 years of age on June 30, 1952. The Course gives instruction in Braille, Moon, handicrafts, professional knowledge (legislation and services for the blind), practical training in the field, etc. Tuition fee 60 guineas. Full details on application to the Secretary, North Regional Association for the Blind, 17 Blenheim Terrace, Leeds, 2.

UNIVERSITY of London Institutes of Education and Child Health. An advanced Course for full-time students occupying one University year and commencing October next is open to qualified teachers, nurses, social workers and graduates who have had not less than five years' experience of the care of children and wish to equip themselves for senior posts in the field of Child Care. Financial assistance is available in certain cases for candidates approved by the Home Office. Further particulars may be obtained from Dr. A. H. Bowley, Child Study Centre, Coram's Garden, 41 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1951, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

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